

Circe's Harem (Men to Animal-Anthro Girls TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

A group of four male friends on a cruise become stranded on Circe's island of Aeaea. The lonely sorceress has grown tired of turning visitors into animals, however, and decides to transform the four of them into pretty anthro-animal girls instead! Will they resist her call to become her new harem, or will they fall headlong into the pleasures she offers their new bodies?

Circe's Harem

Prologue: The Lonely Goddess

Circe sighed as she gazed upon the oceanic horizon from her island of Aeaea. She had been here for untold millenia, trapped by the Gods for the threat she presented, yet given such splendour upon her island home as to sate her appetites and prevent any attempt of escape. She had long learned her lesson from the Olympian pantheon: to traverse beyond the sea would arouse Neptune's wrath, and to glide upon the winds like a bird in search of freedom would invoke Zeus' thunderbolts. Hades would not take her, and even Artemis offered no shelter, only sympathy.

And so, she remained there, staring out from the cliff face of her island, standing upon its precipice. Her red hair tumbled in the wind, and her green dress fluttered with it, making her appear as if she were a living painting of beauty and tragic grace. A portrait of solitude rendered in vibrant watercolour. She had everything except true company, and over her proud centuries of existence that loneliness had begun to eat at her.

It was her own fault, of course. The Greek sorceress knew it well. In her younger days she had been a trickster, relishing in the foolishness of male sailors who washed up on her shores, giving them large feasts only to turn them to animals. Her perfumes and ointments, her vials and seasonings, all had the power to transform, and paired with her grand incantations, the minor goddess could make a wolf of a man, or a pig, or a cow, or anything she desired.

The results could be seen all around the island of Aeaea, especially from her cliff perch high up on the island. Great flocks of birds and geese soared through the air, and beautiful eagles even higher up, looking down on the ducks paddling in their calm ponds. Koi fish from the far east swam also there, and frogs of vibrant colours sat upon the lily pads.

Fields of sheep, goats, and cows provided all that she needed for clothing and sustenance, paired with her vibrant vegetable and fruit gardens that her monkeys helped her to maintain. She was a vegetarian, after all; she may have once turned innocent men to creatures, but it simply wouldn't do to *eat* them. In fact, so many of them were gifted with immortality, namely-

A gentle butt of a head against her hip elicited a smile from her. A female goat with a beautiful white coat dappled with splotches of light brown made it known that it wanted pats, and that it wanted to alleviate her sadness.

"Hello, my Odyssea," she murmured, rubbing the nanny's ears. "You always know when I am in one of my black moods."

The goat made a bleating sound, and she interpreted it wisely to mean both a comfort to Circe's sadness and a desire for more pats. She hadn't originally been called Odyssea, of course. Once, she had been a pirate named Medeas. He had been a rampager, and had burned ships and sold slaves from Athens to Sparta and beyond. Being turned into a productive nanny goat for eternity seemed an appropriate punishment for such a cruel man, and indeed, he had hated his fate for decades upon decades, especially after birthing so many kids and needing his swollen udder to be milked. It didn't help that the male goat that often bred him was one of his former crewmen.

Well, things had changed in the long years since. Now, Odyssea was Circe's favourite companion, and had come to enjoy her simple life of grazing, fucking, breeding, and viewing the beauty of the large island.

"I really shouldn't have named you after Odysseus," she said. "That was far too cruel. It was a moment of nostalgia, for the one that got away from me. Are you sure you don't want to go by Medea, at least?"

But the goat just shook its head, wanting more pats. The message was clear: I am what I am, now. Why go back?

"Exactly right," she said wanly. "Why go back at all? It's not like I can change you, once the transformation is made permanent. Even a goddess has her limits. Still . . . one might wish for more change, Odyssea. I feel like I wasted my younger years on mischief and vengeance and trying to fill this island with animal life. And though it is beautiful - flamingos and elephants and lions and wolves and all manner of exotic creatures - I should have been thinking of companionship instead. Someone, or several someones, who can worship me and keep me sane, and even love me. I would have to change them, of course. It is my domain, after all, but . . . there have been no new landings for so many years. I fear I've lost my chance. Perhaps I deserve so . . ."

Odyssea comforted her as she knelt down a little, rubbing up against her. But then, suddenly, he bleated. Then louder. Then *very* loud. The goddess opened her eyes:

something was happening, and she could feel the magical waters of her island stirring with the promise of change.

“What is it, Odyssea? Tell me, birds on the wind! My creatures, range far, and find out what comes to Aeaea!”

Eagles and geese and hawks and birds of all kinds took to the air, moving as one to the goddess’ command ranging out from the grand green island. Even the birds in her private mansions flocked forth, taking to the sky. Once, she’d had followers to maintain her great halls, but they were long gone now. And so the cages were flung open.

She waited with baited breath upon the shore, her own magical instincts reaching out to direct her charges. Then, suddenly, there was a flit of wings upon the horizon. Elektra, her fastest hawk, was speeding back towards her, its brown-red feathers streamlined as it raced. She held up an arm and it latched to her, its talons unable to damage her perfect, divine skin.

“Tell me, Elektra. Who is it? Who comes to my waters?”

The answer shocked her. Neptune’s powers must have faded recently, or perhaps he had become less curmudgeonly across the lonely ages.

A ship, the hawk had communicated to her. *The largest ship I have ever seen, brimming with people.*

Circe smiled, her heart beating with hope and joy.

“Finally,” she said. “A chance.”

She called upon some of her greatest creations, and they swam through the waters around Aeaea towards the ship. She needed to keep an eye on things, just in case the ship managed to turn away. But if they were seeking shelter, or if there were any overboard, then she couldn’t miss this opportunity. She could save them . . .

“And they would owe *me*,” she said.

Chapter 1: Stranded

The ship rocked, and Brandon’s stomach lurched . . . *again*. He leaned over in his cabin, struggling to keep the contents of belly inside it instead of outside of it. He’d had a small breakfast, but it felt like a *lot* was threatening to come back up. The young African-American man normally had quite dark skin, but it was looking a lot paler than usual right now.

“Ughhh,” he groaned. “Why did I ever agree to go on a damn cruise!?”

“Because you were down for it!” Derek said, slapping him on the back. “Besides, it’s just a few waves, dude! Nothing a tough guy like you can’t handle!”

'Tough' wasn't exactly the best way to describe Brandon. He was often sickly, introverted, and all-around timid. His friend Derek, on the other hand, was a world-class jock who played in just about every sport imaginable. He had a quarterback's figure, with wide shoulders, mountainous biceps, and a square jaw that made his handsome face very popular with the ladies; or the 'hot chicks,' as he often put it.

"I d-don't feel too good cramped in this cabin, that's all," Brandon replied.

Derek sighed and ran a hand through his perfect blonde hair. He looked like he'd rather be suntanning on the deck, or in the pool getting close to some sexy, large-breasted women, but he was nothing if not loyal to his friends, and so he was here with Brandon.

"Chin up, man," he said. "We just need to get you some fresh air."

"In *this* weather?"

"It's just a few rolls. We'll wait for Tom and Gavin to return, and-"

The door to their shared cabin space opened, and there was Tom and Gavin, the former stepping through ahead of the latter, confident and wearing expensive looking relaxation wear.

"How's Brandon doing?" Tom asked, his sunglasses still over his eyes despite being indoors.

Brandon focused on breathing, and Derek shook his head as he patted his friend's shoulder.

"Damn, really? What a shame. We were going to head up and flash some cash at the casino."

Gavin frowned. "I keep telling you, the statistical probability of success at any casino makes the entire endeavour-"

"Yeah, yeah, nerd stuff, got it."

Gavin frowned further. He was the classical nerd, with bright orange hair with a bit too much frizz in it, thick glasses, and braces on his teeth that were taking far too long to correct. With his short stature and scrawny frame, he'd been bullied more than a few times in the past, and while he considered Tom and Derek his friends, he was very aware that they had only become so *after* Tom had hired him to do his maths homework back in high school, and he still continued to pay him for such academic favours.

This was because Tom was wealthy, and one could tell it just by looking. He had perfect skin and carefully arranged black hair that fell nearly to his eyes, lending him a dark and mysterious look. His olive skin and thicker lips gave him a Mediterranean aspect; apparently his family had gotten rich from a Greek shipping business back in the day, though they'd diversified since. He always wore expensive clothing, moved and spoke with the kind of confidence that came only with the foolish, or the very rich, or, perhaps, both.

The pair had just been finishing up their breakfast, while Derek took Brandon back to their wonderfully luxurious cabin. That was another thing they had to thank Tom for, though it was getting a little to his head.

"Jesus, he is green in the gills," Tom said. "Though, he's always sick anyway. Is this another regular sickness or a new thing, Brandon?"

The dark-skinned man groaned. "N-new thing. Seasick. Definitely seasick."

"God man, it's been ten days! We're coasting in the Mediterranean! It's not the worst - whoa!"

The ship rocked, and they could hear some people in the hall outside trying to steady themselves and gasping as things rolled about. Outside their window, Gavin could see the swells that were pushing against the ship. They were impressively large, and it was very clear that even a large cruise liner was getting battered by them. The strangest thing, though; the day was otherwise quite clear.

"This is anomalous," Gavin said. "We must be on some new route. Perhaps some underwater event."

"The captain did say they were avoiding a storm," Derek said. "Perhaps this is the aftereffect of it."

"Still, it doesn't make sense to me. Perfect weather and yet waves powerful enough to rock a cruise liner? It's a defiance of the laws of physics."

Tom was checking something on his phone, and his eyes went wide. "Screw the laws of physics! There's a party on the top deck!"

"Wha-?" Brandon said, sucking in his ill gut. "That's crazy, man. Who would do such a thing?"

"A heap of my connections I made over the last few days. They've bribed the ship staff, and I threw in as well. Who wouldn't want to rock the top deck during swells like this? Not only is it fucking *badass*, but can you imagine the jiggle physics on the girls?"

Derek blinked. Even more than Tom, he was a ladies man, the kind of guy who always went home from the club with a new girl on his arm. He could picture in his mind's eye the kind of bikini'd girl he'd have fun with, watching her tits bob as the ship pivoted.

"Fuck yeah," he said. "Let's go."

"Uh, I'm still sick."

"I'll help you up, buddy. Fresh air and a look at the horizon will be better for you anyway. Or do you want to stay here, where none of the hot chicks are?"

"Well . . . I guess that would be better. But I'm heading down if there's trouble."

Gavin hesitated. "I don't know if this is a good idea, guys."

Tom and Derek both sighed.

"I mean it! We should wait for permission."

"I *paid* for permission," Tom said, a smirk on his features. "I know you aren't too hot with the ladies, Gavin, but we can play wingman for you. Don't be a chicken."

Gavin fumed inwardly. Tom always seemed to push him around like this, and it didn't help that Derek had taken his side: big, muscled Derek who was everything Gavin wished he could be.

"Fine," he said. "But if this ends in disaster, it's your fault."

Tom chuckled, then adjusted his glasses. "Sure it will be. Now come on, let's lose you your virginity. It's gonna be a great day, lads!"

Tom coughed up sand and salt water, gasping for air. He could barely remember what had happened . . . a freak wave? Had he been drinking? Ughh . . . he'd definitely been drinking. Shots . . . he'd bought them for the boys, he loved having them owe him like that. And Derek had dared them all to go stand by the railing, and had practically shoved Gavin up there. Brandon needed to puke over the edge, right? Yes, that was it. He joined them up there, and then the boat had tilted, and they'd screamed and fallen, and in the chaos no one had seen them, or . . .

Or they hadn't been able to rescue them.

He pulled himself up, blinking through the salt in his eyes. For a panicked moment, he thought he was alone, but then there were other gasps and groans around him. There was Brandon, coughing and coughing and coughing like his lungs were about to come up. And Derek, lying on his back further up the shore, eyes looking up at the great blue beyond, clearly having used his strength to get away from the flow of the tide entirely. But where was Gavin? Shit, where was Gavin?

The answer came fairly quickly. Gavin awoke *in* the water. Like Tom, his memory was stirring, reminding him of the disaster that had been only hours before. He'd seen the girls fawn around Derek, been reminded of how Tom's money carried more favours than his own intelligence, and even seen some girls chatting to Brandon, even if just because they were sorry for him. And there he was, using big words and not knowing how to use small ones, and making himself an idiot for being so smart.

So he'd drunk. Drunk for confidence, drunk for the hell of it, and soon drunk because he was too drunk to know otherwise. So when Derek had dared him to 'be a man' and come to the edge of the railing . . . he'd cheered them all on. God, he'd screamed as he fell, and he'd drowned.

"I drowned?" he murmured. "But then how am I . . . ?"

It was then that he realised *what* he was clinging to. It was . . . a whale. Holy God, he was on top of a goddamn *whale*!? It moved through the water with him on top of it, keeping to the surface, and he was so surprised by this that he didn't realise until too late that it was tipping him over the side.

"AAGHH!" he screamed, getting the attention of the others.

But he didn't start to drown again. A dolphin caught his arm in its mouth, and several others buoyed him up. They pulled him along, taking him closer to the beach, and then he was deposited on a giant turtle shell, and only then was he brought right up onto the beach before the turtle swam away.

The other three looked at him with amazement.

"How come you got a turtle and I just got a giant freaky crab?" Brandon asked, before coughing again.

"Wait, you got a crab? What the fuck? I just woke up here."

"You were taken by dolphins," Derek said. "They got me too, but I'm pretty sure there was a giant flat-shaped fish or something as well."

Gavin could barely form words. "I don't understand. That's impossible. I mean, dolphins sometimes save people, but that level of coordination, that's just not possible!"

"Tell that to the goddamn tortoise," Derek replied.

"Okay, everyone, calm down!" Tom yelled. He got up, spitting up more salt water and checking himself over. He had some bruises from landing in the water, but was otherwise uninjured as far as he could tell. "Is there a possibility we're on drugs right now?"

"Definitely not," Brandon said. "I don't do that stuff. You know I'm t-too scared. I barely drank anything. I just went to the railing so I could hurl. Oh God, are we stranded? Are we gonna die? This is a deserted island, right!? F-fuck, we're never gonna be found here!"

Tom groaned. "Calm down. My family is worth millions. There'll be a chopper in the air within, like, ten minutes."

Derek stood and looked along the beach, then up at the landscape that rose up behind the treeline.

"Looks pretty nice, actually."

"DESERTED NICE!" Brandon cried. "I feel sick."

"You always feel sick. Half the reason we agreed to take this cruise together was to give you a new atmosphere."

"Well, I miss the old one, man!" he said. The young man wiped tears from the corners of his eyes. He was so sick of feeling weak and sick and scared, but this situation wasn't helping things.

"Guys!" Gavin said, pointing up. "I think there's a homestead up there. Or a building or something. I don't think this place is deserted."

Each of them were silent for a moment as that information sunk in. Indeed, there appeared to be white stone columns and a rich Greek decor further upon on the island. Derek scanned the sea but could see nothing, and Brandon simply wanted to find a place to rest and recuperate; he was always sickly, but he wasn't sure how much his body could take. Derek took one look at him and sighed.

"I'll help carry you if you fall, buddy," he said. "But we need to be getting up there. I don't see a cruise ship in sight, and my phone is long gone."

"Mine too," Tom said. "Fuck, it was an expensive phone too. I'll have to buy two of them next time, just in case."

Gavin rolled his eyes privately. "Well, it looks like a long trek. We'll be lucky to be there by evening."

Derek slapped him forcefully on the shoulder. "No hurt in starting now, then!"

He and Tom began marching up, and Brandon followed, though he was already starting to stray even by the time they found a rather beautifully laid stone path leading up the hillside. Gavin, however, continued to look back at the sea. As the rest of them, even Brandon a bit timidly, joked about being rescued by sea creatures, the ginger-haired nerd couldn't help but feel a chill.

None of this was natural. Not those waves, not those sea creatures, and definitely not this island. As a geography geek, he was almost certain that it didn't exist at all.

It was a tiring trip, and Brandon had to sheepishly ask Derek to lift him for a section of it, which the jock did easily. He looked like Adonis himself, golden-haired and carrying his friend upon his back with ease. Tom led the way, assuming natural leadership, but Gavin continued to gaze at their surroundings. The animals here were an impossible mix: deer, Australian possums, an orangutan, a *toucan*! And they all seemed to watch the boys, calling out to one another regardless of their species. It was slightly chilling. Very, in fact.

But each of them were looking forward to putting those concerns to rest, at least for a time, as they reached the white house on the island. Only, it would be incredibly wrong to call it a 'house.' This place was a veritable *manor*. An *estate*. No, even that did not suit the immensity of it; it was a *palace*, one in the Ancient Greek style, with great marble colonnades and impressive statues of beautiful women and depictions of Ancient Greek myth in carvings and what Gavin identified as an immense *tympaña* above its huge doorway, one that depicted a goddess in a very threadbare dress, a veritable crowd of animals all around her, and the gods above hurling down punishment upon her. It all reminded him of something, but he couldn't think what.

“Holy fuck,” Derek said. “This place is huge.”

Brandon coughed. “I hope it’s warm.”

“It better be, for the price they clearly paid for it,” Tom mused. “These people are probably richer than my folks, and that’s saying something. Goddamn, I should get me one of these places.”

He gestured to their surroundings, which overlooked the sea and resided by lovely lakes, forests, and impressive meadows and fields. Animals were everywhere, and there was something tropical and paradise-like about the island, as if it were frozen in time. There were no other major buildings that they had seen: just this one, along with smaller complexes attached to it or nearby it. It was no town.

“We should be careful,” Gavin said. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this.”

“M-me too,” Brandon said. “But I really need a warm fire. I’m sorry Gav, but I’m f-freezing here.”

“It’s really warm, though.”

“Exactly! The sea’s getting to me.”

Derek made the decision for the group, though it irritated Tom, who preferred to take the lead. He knocked on the door using the heavy brass knocker. To his shock, fires lit up on the torches by the wall, and water poured from the mouth of nearby sculptures, revealing them to be fountains.

“That’s . . . cool,” he said.

The door opened, seemingly on its own. They were given a long view down a vast entrance hall, the walls covered in marvellous fresco paintings in an Ancient style, once more depicting Greek myth such as Arachne’s weaving, Tantalus and the fruit, and the ever-famous Medousa. Great lights hung from the ceiling, lighting up the interior space, and the floor mosaics were intricately crafted, laid in such a way to show bountiful greenery, as if one was stepping over the most immaculately prepared floral arrangements ever made.

But despite all this sweeping grandeur, the attention of the four twenty-year-old young men was almost singularly placed upon the woman waiting at the end of the hall. Even eighty feet distant, her radiance and command were obvious, her beauty clear. She was a gorgeous woman with long dark red hair that fell in ringlets over her shoulders, both front and back. Her face was slightly tan, with an aquiline nose and emerald eyes, and soft lips that looked perfect for kissing, as if made for it, in fact. Her body was no less impressive: she wore a green dress from another, ancient age: a chiton that had been tailored to dip low at her impressive cleavage, its side cut out to reveal her skin, and with slits in the legs so that even her thigh was visible as she posed with one leg slightly out.

“So,” the woman said, her voice echoing down the halls with ease, “after so very, very, very long, new sailors come to my shores. I have waited for this day. Please, come in.

You must be famished, and in need of restoration, food, and rest. Come, and I will take care of you. Welcome to my island of Aeaea. Welcome to the House of Circe."

Chapter 2: The Incantation

"I'm sorry," Gavin said after eating down some more well-buttered bread. "But there's no way you think you're *the* Circe, right? The actual Circe, from Ancient Greek legend, I mean?"

The woman calling herself Circle giggled, and none of the four young men could escape from noticing the delightful way her cleavage bounced in response, as if threatening to spill from her loose dress.

"I certainly am!" she declared, taking some tomatoes. "Mhmm, I do love tomatoes. I'm very grateful a trader from your New World ran aground here several hundred years ago and allowed me to cultivate them. I think you actually met him: he's a very fine turtle now."

She spoke in a rather enticing Greek accent, her every word honeyed and sensual, but her English was absolutely perfect. She had claimed it was 'a goddess thing,' which made the four of them quite confused.

"Look, we're very thankful for you taking us in," Tom said. "Letting us bathe in that magnificent pool of yours, giving us these fancy new robe things-

"Tunics," she said, slathering some butter on her bread. "They're called tunics."

"Well, we're thankful for them, and the food. And the warmth! Especially Brandon here; he's really thankful for that."

Brandon, who had always been very timid with women, found it hard to look Circe directly in the eyes. He gave an awkward little wave from his couch, where he was reclining before the enormous fireplace, soaking in its warmth. The man felt better than he had in over a year.

"Th-thanks," he stammered.

"But like I keep asking," Tom continued. "We're really like access to a long-range radio. Or, if you have underwater cable, just a phone. Satellite coverage will do. We really need to contact other people and get a chopper in or something. Not that we're ungrateful."

"And I keep telling you, I know not of this technology you speak of. I am a goddess, but one locked away by the greater pantheon. You cannot leave this isle now that you are here; only Odysseus managed to lead his men away, and he was ushered forth by Pallas Athena's guidance to reclaim his wife Penelope. Even my enchantments could not bind him here. But you are favoured by no God, and you do not even believe in them. I can't even help you leave. You are here now as my guests, and be grateful that I have become lonelier

and wiser through my centuries, for I do not desire to turn you into animals for amusement any longer. I simply wish for the pleasure of fine, attractive company.”

At this, she lowered a hand and stroked Derek’s thigh. The jock was daring, and had sat down right near Circe, able to not only stare down her top occasionally and enjoy the swell of her cleavage, but also flirt with her. In his mind, he didn’t care if this lady was crazy; only that he might well have a chance to sleep with a rich hottie and maybe get a damn good few nights out of it.

“That’s insane!” Gavin said.

“You’re crazy,” Tom replied. “We just need one call!”

The so-called goddess’ eyes narrowed. “Careful, young ones. I am pleased to have you here, but I *do* need new silk worms.”

“Tom,” Derek said, winking at his friend. “Why don’t we simmer on all the accusations. Circe here has been most kind giving us shelter, and besides, it’s late! We could all use some rest and . . . nightly pleasure.”

At this, he laid his hand on Circe’s thigh. The apparent goddess smirked, placing her hand on his. He was surprised to feel how strong her grip was.

“You are most attractive,” she whispered. “But you act too quickly, young one. It’s not your fault. Mortality breeds impetuosity and rashness. Still, I won’t forget this act of interest. It shall accrue interest in my heart and be repaid thricefold in days and weeks to come.”

Derek gulped. He didn’t understand half of that . . . but he *liked* it. Especially that glimmer in her eye; he knew when a woman was interested, and also when she was teasing him along as part of a game that would always end in the bedroom.

Gavin looked around at his surroundings. It really did seem authentic, and yet perfectly well kept. Obviously, there was no scientific basis for her claims of magic, but it was still fascinating. He looked to Brandon, but his friend was already on the verge of sleeping in his couch.

“Maybe you’re right,” he said to Derek. “Maybe we should sleep.”

At this, Circe stood and clapped her hands. “Indeed. You have been fed like wild animals, and you clearly have no appreciation for how wonderfully appropriate that is. I welcome you once more to Aeaea, and promise you hospitality here. I know it will be hard to leave your old lives behind, but all who enter my domain are changed, and most come to accept their fates. For you, I give a blessing I have never bestowed, not even upon the Ithacan captain’s men: you will *not* be transformed into animals.”

“Yay, go us,” Tom said sarcastically, though Derek, wanting to get in Circe’s good graces to get between her graceful thighs, nudged him to be quiet.

"Instead, I will bless you with new forms. I have long missed my nymph worshippers of old, who loved me dearly and pleased my body. They were a harem to me, and I honoured them in turn. I cannot make nymphs, but I can grant you the spirit each of an animal, one that will inspire new change and bring you into my inner circle. You will be my new animal nymphs, like men, like women, like creatures of the wild and of the field. And in being so, you will be loved by your goddess."

There was a brief silence that followed. Brandon bit his lip. He just wanted to nod off, but found the whole speech off putting. Gavin was sighing, rubbing his temples and readying for a rebuttal.

"Still, you do not believe me," Circe said.

"Magic isn't real," Gavin said. "It's clear that you *think* it is, but-"

But Circe was already speaking in a strange tongue, and her eyes glowing in a bright purple hue. Her dress shifted and swayed as if the wind were rushing through it, and the table shook. Each man felt a strange twisting in their gut; none knew that their food had been dipped in the right ointments, their spirits aligned with the right beast to spur forth the right change. Now Circe was activating it. They looked at one another, and Brandon actually yelled out in fear.

And then it was over.

All returned to normal. Circe gave them a little smile. "You know where your rooms are. See me in the morning for breakfast. I look forward to seeing your changes unfolding in coming weeks. I give you the mercy of time."

She turned and walked away, her hips sashaying from side to side.

"Not tonight, Derek," she said, just as he was about to call out to her. "But the night will come. For each of you."

She turned a corner and was gone. Derek looked back at the group.

"Was that . . . real?"

"It looked real," Brandon said. "But . . . lots of things do, right? Lots of fake things?"

"She's rich," Tom said. "Probably bought some expensive hologram tech or something."

Gavin nodded. "It can't be real. There's no scientific basis. Let's . . . let's just all go to bed."

They agreed. They had comfortable rooms. They could see about this insanity in the morning. And all four men were so very, very tired.

Especially with that strange, twisting sensation in their guts that made them just want to lie down, close their eyes, and make it go away.

That night, each of the four young men had strange dreams; ones that were intensely vivid, more real than any dream they had experienced, and yet so difficult to hold onto and remember, so that only crystal images and momentary scenes remained with them when they woke.

Tom dreams, oddly, of a cow. A black-and-white furred Holstein beauty with an impressive size and even more impressive udder. She was a prodigious milk-maker, and she bellowed her moos beautifully.

Derek dreamed of pigs. Big, fat, chubby pink pigs. They were gluttonous and happy, rolling in the mud and lazily eating to their hearts' content. They were content, and while their sloth should have disgusted him, he found it oddly enchanting in the strange dream logic of the unconsciousness.

Brandon's dream was perhaps the most invigorating of all. He had befriended the group back when he'd been healthier, before his autoimmune conditions rendered him constantly fatigued and weak. Back then, he'd had dreams of being a running athlete, and the dream felt in tune with that: wild horses galloped across great fields, creatures of strength and power who knew no bounds nor borders.

Lastly, there was Gavin's dream. The small, scrawny nerd dreamed of a mighty wolf pack led by its alpha, a powerful mother wolf with grey fur and sharp teeth. She savaged any who got in her way, protecting her pack. For a nerd such as him, the dream was like that of an empowerment fantasy.

None of them noticed the strange changes to their bodies that were only just beginning. It was subtle at first, mere steps towards their eventual forms. Tom's slim, smart body softened just a little, putting on several pounds. His nipples swelled, and he gained extra fat deposits in his chest. Derek had similar changes, but his skin also became just a little flushed, slightly pink despite his usual tan. His nostrils widened in preparation for an eventual snout. Brandon, meanwhile, regained some of the strength and stamina he'd once possessed. His chest hair developed, previously absent, and his tailbone gained a slight protrusion. Gavin, meanwhile, also gained further body hair, but his teeth sharpened just a little, and his fingernails extended. An extra touch of aggression seeped into his system, and it was reflected in his eyes - normally blue - which gained a slight golden tint as well.

They each tossed and turned in their luxurious bedrooms, turning in their comfortable beds that apparently had once belonged to Circe's nymphs, or so she said, but any sense of discomfort was undone by the sheer bliss of the dreams that Circe weaved for them.

The sorceress was powerful, after all, and the magic she weaved was powerful.

Soon, they would understand.

Tom's insistence on getting access to a phone the next morning was fruitless, as was Derek's flirtatious gestures with the beautiful woman, though she told him that such worship was 'appreciated.' Likewise, Gavin could make no sense of the architecture of the place; it seemed so genuine, so old, as if it truly were ancient and yet perfectly preserved. Brandon was fruitless in his quest to get answers on where exactly they were and how rescue might come. In fact, the only thing that wasn't fruitless was the platter in the morning, the fruit of which was juicy and ripe, plucked from Circe's garden.

"I am so pleased you boys like it," she said with a smile, lounging on her own couch and looking utterly entrancing in her newest attire: a red robe that seemed to part in all the right ways to show off her bountiful bosom. "I truly do have fine crops, don't I?"

Derek grinned at Tom, who grinned back. Both were aware of the double entendre with her cleavage, and perhaps she was too. But the humour was short lived; there was a distinct sense that this game of hers was not about to end soon.

Gavin coughed. "We'd like to go home now," he said.

"Now, did you not hear me last night, and again when you began these questions this morning? I cannot do this. Zeus and Neptune will not allow it, and I have made an enemy of Pallas Athena as well. Besides, the magic has already started: do you not notice changes among you this morning?"

"What changes?" Brandon said, even as he scratched at the strange tailbone formation on his rump.

"Look, the only change I've experienced is a weird pink rash," Derek said. "I swear I'm a bit allergic to some of your food or all this incense or whatever."

"Me too," Tom said, though he wouldn't admit that his nipples were almost painfully swollen, or that his body felt a bit doughy that morning.

Even Gavin was sceptical, and he'd *definitely* noticed that his body had more hair on it that morning, not to mention that it was *grey*. He felt more agile and desired to run and move, but he chalked it up to a strange effect of the food or some allergy. Tom continued to scratch at the area above his crotch without realising it, where a rash of his own had developed.

"I assure you, these are the first of your changes. They will begin to accelerate in coming days, and you will be truly beautiful."

"This isn't funny," Tom said. "Look, you've given us food and shelter, but you can't keep us captive here, especially with your weird delusions. There's no way you manage this place by yourself, and don't say you do it 'with magic.' We need a phone or a radio, and you would have one to supply a place like this."

Circe just shrugged. "Then roam across the island, if you wish. Aeaea is free and unthreatening. I have told my animals not to disturb you, though my goat Odyssea will keep an eye on you for me. Go and find a way out. I have not ever found one."

The boys looked at one another at this apparent challenge. They couldn't help but feel a certain anxiousness, not just at the situation, but at the fact that they all did look a bit different.

Brandon's hair was more wild, his face seemingly longer

Derek's skin had a pink tinge to it, and his nose looked wider.

Tom's body was softer than it should have been, and his swollen nipples showed through the material he wore.

And last of all, Gavin seemed . . . bigger. A bit tougher in his leanness.

As one, and without a word, they stood up. Tom took up the position of the natural leader and beckoned the others to join him with a gesture. They walked away from Circe and out of her halls. They were going to get back to civilisation. They knew it.

And still the spell worked its magic.

Chapter 3: Denial

The four young men roamed the island just as Circe had challenged them to. It was a large island, and would take several days to explore its various points. For now, they actually followed Gavin's advice. He was feeling a bit more assertive, and made it clear that they should explore the immediate surroundings of Circe's palatial estate, then roam wider to specific locations: the island mountain, the dense forest to the east, the southern and northern shorelines, the valley area on the other side of the meadows, and so forth. It was a sound plan, but it *would* take more than one day, and that meant likely returning to Circe in the evening with their proverbial tails between their legs - proverbial for now, not that they knew it.

Indeed, the meadows around Circe's home had no electricity grid, no modern technology, no hidden devices that they could find. There were only surprisingly friendly farm animals. The cows were especially friendly to Tom, who couldn't stand them, especially since he was too busy scratching his chest and the area above his crotch constantly. Derek, on the other hand, found a weird unwanted kinship to the pigs. A sow even raised itself out of the mud to approach and sniff him, before oinking in delight. It stirred strange memories of his dream that disgusted him in the light of day; he'd always been an active man, and now the idea of being sluggish and lazy and fat - ugh!"

“Did any of you have . . . weird dreams?” he asked. “You know, about animals?”

“No way, man,” Tom said, lying outright as he looked back at the cows.

“What kind of dream are you talking about?” Brandon said timidly. He was trying not to feel the protuberance in his tailbone. It was small, maybe he’d just bumped it while nearly drowning yesterday, but it felt . . . fleshy. Like it had bones in it.

“I guess I just had a dream about these gross, lazy pigs.”

“I dreamed about wolves,” Gavin said. “About how free and powerful they were. And now today . . . I feel free and powerful.”

“Yeah, you’ve been picking up quite a pace,” Derek said, impressed. “And Brandon doesn’t look too sick anymore.”

“The dream felt healthy,” Brandon said. “It was - it was about horses.”

“It doesn’t mean anything!” Tom said. “That weird Circe bitch was just saying shit to make us paranoid! Probably drugged our food! C’mon, let’s keep moving!”

But no amount of exploration yielded any results, and they soon circled back to the fruit trees, grand gardens, and shaded forest that circled the back half of the palatial estate. By this point they were all tired, and Tom and Derek were shocked that they were even more exhausted than their two weak friends. Derek couldn’t help but feel a strange instinct to just lie down in some warm mud, but he shook it off.

“Time to eat crow, I guess,” Brandon said.

Tom huffed. “Don’t give her the time of day. She’s just some freak rich weirdo. We’ll keep exploring tomorrow.”

Circe was waiting for them in her immense entrance room. Odyssea was with her, bleating in her ear, and she acted as if it was conversing with her. The female goat had followed them at various times, always turning up, and it made the young men rather uneasy to see it act so human.

“Of course, thank you Odyssea. You’ve done well. Go and eat the finest garden carrots you desire. No restrictions.”

It bleated again and took off past the boys. Circe swivelled, her costume seeming like it might fall off of her, and not one of them failed to notice how resplendently beautiful this red-haired ‘sorceress’ was.

“So, no success?” she asked. “Don’t worry, tomorrow will yield more results. Next time, take a picnic basket. I have weaved a great many in my centuries. That way, you won’t go hungry.”

Their stomachs growled almost as one, causing them to realise just how little they’d eaten. Circe stepped to the side to reveal a veritable feast.

"I've even slain some deer for you, Gavin," she said. "Don't worry, they were wild deer, not ones I turned. I will not partake, but your *wolfish* appetite will only grow in days to come, so best to start you now. The others will eat greenery with me, of course."

Gavin's heart skipped a beat. Did she say 'wolfish'?

"Why don't we get any damn meat?" Tom said, petulant and entitled.

"Do you feel like any?" Circe said. "Any of you?"

Truth be told, they didn't. Only Gavin hungered for meat, but Derek, who devoured steaks regularly, felt his stomach turn at the idea of eating it, *especially* beef. For Tom, the notion of *pork* was enough to make him feel like puking.

"I didn't think so," she said. "Now come. No doubt you're all starving. Brandon, I've even got some lovely grass for you to nibble on."

"G-grass? I'm sorry?"

She smiled easily. "My dear young man, you're such a sickly thing that I felt it best to give you a powerful equine form. In fact, all of your future forms are dictated by the needs of not just physical transformation, but personal ones too."

Brandon bit his lip. This was too strange.

"But I go on too much. I don't want to spoil all the surprises. Come and eat. Sniff the food if you wish. The incantations are done, there is no need for further interference. Soon, you will understand that Aeaëa is a paradise, but also a prison. But we will make it a place we shall never want to leave, when we are all lovers."

That was the only good piece of news Derek had had all day. He ate greedily, devouring vegetables and finely prepared salads, eager to taste Circe's body. At least there could be one good sexual experience on the coming menu; she was, after all, the single hottest lady he'd ever met.

The others followed suit, eating as well. Despite their various itches and slight changes, they were all in denial over Circe's magic.

The denial would not last long.

The dreams came again, just as vivid. As before, the four men could only remember scant pieces of them when they woke, but the *essence* of those dreams remained, the sense of purpose and place that seemed to defy who they were, and yet seemed so deeply alluring in that state of unconsciousness. And just as before also, some physical transformations had taken place.

Tom woke to a startling discovery. His body no longer felt soft; it *was* soft. His entire body had a slight doughiness to it. He wasn't fat, *per se*, but his trim stomach had lost its

abs, and his ass felt larger, as did his hips. Even his face, normally lean, now had some fat in the cheeks.

“Goddamn nipples. This has to be an allergic reaction!”

They were indeed swollen, and his chest almost jiggled as he moved, as if he were developing *manboobs*. Of course, he didn’t know it yet, but he wasn’t developing *manboobs*, not technically. Right now, he just assumed that the temperature and rigours of his ordeal had left his penis slightly shrunken compared to its usual length.

“Why is my skin so itchy? What the fuck is going on in this place!?”

Derek’s skin was also a little itchy, though not nearly so much. He was more concerned about the fact that his skin was even pinker than the day previous, and that his nipples, too, were becoming quite swollen, with pockets of fat behind them. His normally powerful, athletic body had shrunk, and he could have sworn his shoulders had compressed. None of this was natural - was it something in the food? Hell, his nose looked like it was wider for some reason; definitely an allergic reaction to something in the food. He wanted to just put up his feet and relax for the day, but that was a stupid sluggish instinct. He was a damn athlete; he wasn’t going to accept this!

Brandon, meanwhile, had actually gotten up for a morning jog around the estate grounds. He wasn’t sure why; he’d *never* done something like this before. He was already alarmed at his changes: like the others, his skin had itched and was producing way more body hair than usual, and his ears seemed extra pointed. His hair had grown, and seemed to come from his neck as well, like the mane of a horse he’d dreamt about. But despite the ache in his toes and the pressure in face, he needed to use the muscles he’d longed to use for so long, but couldn’t because of his sickness. Despite the cold air of the morning, he ran, and it was *freeing*.

He was joined, strangely enough, by Gavin. The two ran together, Brandon the faster, but Gavin with his own ferocity and power. The nerdy member of the group now had gray patches of hair down his front and a growth pushing out from his spine. His face was leaner, but his muscles were swelling. And like the others, there were also the swollen nipples, though he hadn’t noticed his reduced penis just yet. His mind was on fire with speculation, trying to keep it scientific, but his instincts told him to run, to play the role of the predator. He chased after Brandon, wanting to practice *catching* something. He didn’t manage it, but the feeling was exhilarating, for both of them.

Of course, it ended once they went back indoors, and found Circe beaming at the other two, inspecting their bodies while the pair complained loudly at her.

“You put something in our food! It’s making me fat!”

“And my nipples are driving me crazy! I’m itching all over the place, especially here, on my lower stomach!”

“Why are we having dreams about animals? I keep thinking about pigs!”

“Is it some island tonic? I’m not meant to have fucking manboobs!”

“And I’m not meant to have pink skin and a snorty nose!”

“If you don’t stop this right now, then-”

“Then what?” Circe asked, just as Brandon entered, followed by Gavin. “I am a goddess. Not one of the pantheon, but a goddess all the same; immortal and incapable of injury. It is so strange to me that you mortals have forgotten these powers; they are no mere legends. Once, all men knew of such things, and would understand, at least, that they are being truly transformed. But you all revel in ignorance. It seems only time will prove that you are changing. Trust me, it is for the best. You are all destined to become beautiful, the best parts of animal and woman. Yes, *woman*, for that is the true shape of the lover I desire. Derek, you keep hinting at a desire for my body, and when you are a woman too, pig-like and perfect, you shall have it. This, I promise you. You will be my darlings, and I will always treat you with deep affection and sensual pleasure, but for now I take my leave of you. Odyssea will keep watch - she cannot be harmed, Gavin, so do not try to consume her - but I need a few days’ rest from your fussing. I will see you when you are more greatly changed.

“Hey, you can’t just leave like this!” Derek said, reaching out to grab her hand. But to his shock, a pink light *erupted* from her wrist where he tried to forcefully grab her, and he pulled it back in response to the strange sensations it produced. The others yelled in shock, jumping back.

“Let that be a lesson,” Circe said. “One day we shall grab each other in loving passion, but never anger. Never to a goddess. You are too aggressive and entitled to women, Derek. Soon, you will have a more carefree attitude. Until then, have a gift from me.”

She strode away, her hips sashaying from side to side, her breasts bouncing with each step, her long red hair swaying beautifully. Tom gave chase, and the others followed as she rounded a corner. But as soon as she was out of view, she was simply . . . gone. It was impossible, all she’d done was just rounded a large pillar. There was no way she could have fled in that time.

But she was gone.

“NGH! What the f-fuck!?”

All eyes turned to Derek, who was gripping the hand he’d used to try and stop Circe. For a moment, none of them could understand what was happening - it had just been a strange light show or hidden taser device, right? But then Derek held up his hand, still grunting and even *snorting* through his wider nostrils.

“My h-hand!” he declared. “It’s f-fucking changing! Look!”

Jaws fell as it transformed in real-time. Not during sleep, but right before their eyes. Derek’s pinkie finger and ring finger fused together while he gasped in discomfort. His

pointer finger and middle finger did the same. The digits were now thicker, and his thumb swelled a little too. They hardened, turning a light pink-yellow colour. Sensation fled them, leaving them a little duller from Derek's perspective, though not without feeling entirely. In mere moments, he now had what looked like a hand-hoof. Human-like, yet distinctly piggish. Capable of being used to grip things, but still with a hoof-like appearance, complete with pink hairs where the hooves merged with his pink hand.

"Oh God!" he cried, holding up both hands to compare them. The left hand shrunk a little, becoming just a little daintier despite its hoof-like appearance, so that despite the thickness of his new hoof-digits, they had an almost feminine aspect to them. "What the fuck? Are you seeing this? Tell me I'm seeing this!"

"I'm seeing it," Gavin said. "I'm - nghh!"

Eyes shot to him, and he too began clutching his left hand. It changed quickly, but instead of losing digits, it instead grew talons: *claws*. Grey fur erupted from his palm, and there was a ferocity to his digits now, their black claws vicious and powerful, capable of disembowelling prey.

"Wolf paw!" he exclaimed.

Tom groaned, followed by Brandon. Each of their left hands was changing, as if to make an example of them. To Tom's horror, he too developed a hoof-hand, though it was less stubby than Derek's, and had dark grey digits. Black and white fur spread across his three-fingered hand, and there was a distinctly cow-like aspect to it. Brandon's hand, surprisingly, did not gain hoof-digits, but instead remained more human-like, though brown fur still covered it, and the tips of his fingers became grey and hard, as if he had hoof-like capstones to the digits. Like Gavin, he didn't lose any fingers. The significance of this was not clear, but the intelligent nerd of the group assumed that because they had not argued and shown disrespect to Circe that morning, they were let off the hook a little. Or perhaps more accurately, let off the *hoof*.

Not that it wasn't a whopper of a bombshell.

"Oh my God," Tom cried. "Oh my fucking God. It's real. Magic is real."

"Magic isn't real!" Gavin said, clutching his wolf-like hands.

"Then what the fuckity fuck do you call this!?"

"Shit!" Derek exclaimed, and there was a pig-like whine in his voice. "I'm turning into a pig. I'm turning into a fucking gross, lazy pig!"

Brandon trembled, realisation hitting him. "I think I'm . . . I think I might be becoming a horse. And, uh, I might be growing a t-tail."

"How is this not fucking magic, GAVIN!?" Tom screamed.

Gavin was at a loss. He couldn't explain any of this. They had suddenly changed, just as Circe had said. And there was Odyssea, bleating happily at them, almost mockingly, as if to say, '*Finally, you get it.*'

Gavin gulped, flexing his wolf hand and feeling the powerful, terrible claws he now possessed. He took in his friends' changes: Tom with his softer form, Derek growing fatter and pinker, Brandon getting long in the face and with hair like a mane. And now here were his own aggressive, wolf-like changes.

"Okay," he said. "My hypothesis was wrong. Really, really wrong. Magic is real. Guys . . . we need to get the hell off of this island."

Chapter 4: Animal Traits

The forest was entirely bereft of anything they could use, and the mountain had proved to be a steep trek for nothing more than a beautiful sight and numerous gorgeous animals populating its peak. The four friends were desperate. It had been another four days of exploration, and there had been no sight or sign of Circe. Worse, their changes had progressed further, and no longer just in their sleep either. Perhaps as a punishment, perhaps as simply a natural progression of her 'blessing' to them, none of them were certain, but what was clear was that they now experienced 'growth surges.' This was when, seemingly in response to the right stimuli, their slow change would simply accelerate.

Derek had been the first to experience it. They had been travelling past the fields around Circe's estate, and they had happened upon the fields where the pigs roamed happily, lazily lying in mud and feeding their piglets, or rutting without shame. Derek had bit his lip, trying not to look at them. He hated the thought of becoming a lazy creature that just ate to his heart's content, yet still he looked at them, his heart yearning for reason's he could not understand.

"Derek, are you okay?" Brandon had asked.

"I - I feel like - ohhhh! Mhmm!"

A rush of pleasure coursed through his body, and then the series of pressures hit it, as if they had been building up in silence and now they were ready to be unleashed in a torrent. His nose widened, and he clutched his face with his uneven hands as it changed from a nose to an oddly cute and porcine *snout*. The man squealed like a pig, but the ordeal had barely begun. Derek's belly rose, gaining further softness and fat, while his thighs lost their impressive muscularity and took on a womanly thickness instead. His member shrank further, causing him to whine; the pleasure was intense and utterly humiliating. Last of all, his

ears began to shift and change. To the shock of his three friends as much as his own, they migrated slowly to the top of his head, sticking out from his blonde hair and changing to become thin, pointy pink triangles. Pig's ears, complete with the adorable floppy shape to them. His hearing briefly dissipated, then returned, stronger than before.

"Mhmm! Ohhhh! M-make it - ahhhh!"

He collapsed, falling into the edge of the mud pit. For a moment, his mind lit up with joy at the connection. His nipples stiffened, his manboobs larger than before, on their way to actual *breasts*.

"Holy shit, Derek! You just changed!"

"I fucking - *SNORT* - know, Tom!"

Silence fell after his piggish grunt, and Derek blushed red on his pink cheeks.

"See Gavin? Fucking magic!" he said, pointing to his face. "What do I look like?"

"Uh, sort of like a pig person," Gavin said.

"Great! Fucking great! I hope this happens to all of you! I HATE THIS!"

He stormed off, ashamed of being the first to be changed like that, and deeply aware that both hands were now piggish in nature, symmetrical at last in having three digits each. Brandon caught up and put a hand on his friend's shoulder, and he calmed briefly.

"We need to get off this island," he'd said. "Before we all keep changing."

But other changes followed. Gavin found his changes erupting when they were deep in the forest. Their exploration here was slow, and it was made more odd by the fact that Brandon and Gavin were leading the charge, while the normally forthright Derek was panting and asking for breaks, and Tom clutching his chest, terrified it would grow. Instead, Gavin changed. It was like a switch had flipped: one moment he'd been moving through the forest, and then he was *creeping* through it, advancing towards a wild deer, smelling it with his recently enhanced senses. He could swear he had the power to *catch it*. And then . . .

"Ahhh! Euugh! GRAGGGH!"

He growled like a powerful wolf, and the changes that followed reflected that perfectly. Grey wolf hair erupted across his body, covering his shoulders and cascading down his arms, so that his torso was entirely coated in hair, with just his neck and head bare, and his hips and everything below. His toenails pushed out, becoming claw-like as well, and his face pushed forwards a little. The sensation of his skull literally changing shape made him groan and scratch at it, but despite the alien experience, it was also strangely *pleasurable*. His nipples burned, pushing out along with small fat deposits, forming proto-breasts, but it was the way his nose changed, becoming dark and suddenly *alight* with powerful olfactory senses, that was truly remarkable.

"I can - graph! - I can smell it all! Everything! Everything that's walked through here! I need to catch it!"

He bounded off, and the others took after him, unable to catch him. Only Brandon had the speed necessary, but he had to find Gavin first. It was a long chase, and it triggered Brandon's own change, separate from the others. As he ran after Gavin, he entered a clearing, and a herd of horses emerged to race alongside him, as if recognising the formerly sickly man as their own. It filled him with pride, and that caused his changes to sprout in a delightful mix of pleasure and adrenaline.

"Mhmmm!" he murmured, still running after Gavin. "*N-NEIGHHH!*"

He made sounds just like a joyish, whinnying horse, increasing his pace as his muscle mass swelled. He was developing a powerful yet lean build, almost graceful as he sped through the forest. He barely even noticed when his feet fell out of his shoes, no longer human feet but shrinking to horse hooves. For a moment he stumbled, but then his toes reshaped, solidifying and fusing together until he had proper equine feet, at which point he bounded even faster, no longer worried about where he might step with his newly hardened feet. His skin itched, causing him to scratch it as he moved, and soon some chestnut brown fur was pushing through the skin. The release was glorious, enough to make him briefly close his eyes, breathing in and out, in and out, his face extending slightly, taking on a humanoid yet equine shape. Like the others, his ears migrated, pushing upwards so that they flopped about, flat and furry and pointy. He could *hear* Gavin over the rush of everything, and it was only then, as his body reached its greatest release of ecstasy, that he literally collided into his friend, who had finally stopped to take stock of his changes.

"Sh-shit!"

"Wha-!?"

They crashed through the leaves, and Gavin almost lashed out from pure wolf instinct, until his heightened sense of smell recognised Brandon as one of his 'pack.' Instead, they untangled in the small clearing they'd landed into.

"Oh my God," Brandon said. "You're turning into some kind of wolf guy!"

"And you're turning into some kind of horse guy!" Gavin returned.

They examined their own changes and each others'. They were so alien, and yet both felt oddly empowered by them: Brandon was finally healthy and free to move, while Gavin was finally powerful - not to mention an inch or two taller.

"Is it fucked up for me to say this isn't entirely bad?" Brandon asked.

"That's just what I'm afraid of admitting myself." Gavin said. "And exactly why we need to get off this island; Circe's magic might be altering our minds."

The truth, he suspected, was far worse: Circe's magic hadn't touched their minds, and he had revelled in his new wolf instincts all on his own.

The others caught up, Derek panting, his pink skin sweaty with light hairs having grown over it. He looked almost cute, but he was still a big dude, despite his porcine features

and slight reduction in muscle. Tom, on the other hand, still looked mostly like himself, albeit a very terrified version of himself.

"I'm next," he whimpered. "I don't deserve this. I could pay a ransom for all of us, but she wouldn't take a single bribe, and now I'm next!"

Indeed, his changes came the next day. He'd been dreading them all night, especially when he dreamed of beautiful, soft, and milk-giving cows again. He woke up with that same rash on his lower belly, the one he couldn't figure out, but his 'breasts' had definitely grown. In fact, they were almost certainly actual breasts now, complete with sensitive nipples and a slight jiggle. Only A-cups, really, but breasts nonetheless. And with a lot of sensitivity and soreness that told him they would keep developing.

He kept clear of cows. He kept clear of the fields. When they hiked up the mountain he had to stop a few times, pretending to take in the beautiful sight "to at least remember once this nightmare is over," but in reality absolutely puffed, just like Derek now was. The tables had turned, and the weak one and sick one led their troupe, much to Tom and Derek's shame. Still, he did his best to resist change, even as nothing turned up from their view across the entire island from its impressive peak. Circe had constructed a balcony and trail there, and numerous statues of herself and her nymphs, and animals followed them with interest (Odyssea even climbed the mountainside, goat that she was), but there was no modern technology, no way of reaching the outside world.

But there was also nothing cow-like. Nothing bovine.

"At least I'm not gonna fucking change here," Tom had said.

Gavin winced. "Dude, don't taunt Fate! It's an Ancient Greek thing!"

"You don't even believe in magic!"

"I obviously do now, and if you taunt Fate then the will of the Gods - if they really do exist - will come down upon you!"

"Yeah, I'd watch it," Derek said, picking up rocks and throwing them off the edge. "Trust me, dude. You don't want to end up a total piggo like me. It fucking sucks, especially when I - *SNORT* - ugh. When I do that."

Tom grimaced, stepping off the balcony that gave a great view of the island. He gripped the railing of the path, and was reminded of how much he hated his hoof-hand. It was so much harder to use than his human hand!

His stomach rumbled. He'd caved and taken the food offering Circe had left them; a new one turned up each day. And yet he was hungrier than the others, even more than Derek who had taken a massive share. He tried not to see signs in that, and instead walked over to a lovely patch of alfalfa growing near an edge. It looked . . . delicious.

Really delicious.

His mouth salivated, and he found he couldn't help himself. He was hungry, and it was only alfalfa, right? It wasn't enough to trigger the changes like the others? His friends were way more warped, and this was just a light snack. He reached out, plucked some, and began to nibble.

Big mistake.

His stomach twisted immediately, and his loins tingled as they shrank back further, his testes as well. Tom groaned out loud, but he was too far for his friends to hear him. Instead he had to shift on his feet and grip the railing, but he struggled as his fur coat came in, spreading across his torso like it had for the others. It was a Holstein coat: white with black patches, and it came in warm and thick across his body, relieving the terrible itch he'd been living with. To his shame he actually sighed with relief, and again as the terrific pressure in his breasts gave way. A wave of pleasure and cathartic released: his boobs great, pressing up against the robe-like fabric he'd been giving to wear, his nipples swelling yet again. Tom moaned, then *mooed*.

"MOOOO! Oh f-fuck! Make it stop! Why does it feel so g-good! It feels - MOOOOO!"

It felt like ecstasy, so much so that it was difficult to push back against the changes. Two points at the top of his scalp became pressurised, and a brief sting of pain followed as something literally *pushed* out from his skull. He clutched it with his hands, his right hand gaining hoof-digits to match his right, but he didn't care about that now, because he was developing freaking *horns*.

"No way! GUYS! HELP MOOOOO-EEEE!"

His boobs grew again, gaining yet another cup size, so much so that he could feel the foreign weight and heft of them as they jiggled, unsupported beneath his robe. More vertebrae developed at his rear, hair sprouting along its length. He grabbed it, moaning at its existence.

"A tail!? You've got to be kidding mooo-ee!"

The others arrived, all of them looking on and gasping.

"Tom! I told you!" Gavin warned, his voice slightly growly.

"He's becoming a cow!" Brandon said.

"No shit, g-genius! I'm - MOOO! - I'm growing f-fucking tits! Ohhhhh, stop it, somehow! Derek, man, help me!"

"I - SNORT! - can't! What do I even do?"

"ANYTHING! EUGH!"

His hair grew a little longer, coming down to beside his cheeks. A white stripe was in it, matching his Holstein cow aesthetic. His nose widened just a little, but then the changes stopped. Just like the others, Tom now had a number of cow-like features, from small little white horns to a fur pattern on his upper half, to the start of a tail out of his backside. His

boobs, however, were disturbing him the most. He cupped them, feeling their sensitivity, moaning and mooing a little.

“Fucking hell! We really are becoming women.”

“And given you’re a cow,” Gavin said. “Yours might be the biggest of all.”

Tom began to cry.

That was where the three days without Circe’s presence put them. They were no longer entirely human, and each of them now had slight animalistic instincts that were oh-so-easy to fall into if they weren’t careful. The mountain, forests, meadows, and the north shore had turned up nothing, and going through the palace had proved fruitless: when Derek had dared to try to enter Circe’s private quarters there had been another magical rebuke. The pig man had squealed just like a porcine creature as something pushed out from his backside. To his horror, it was a little pig’s tail, curly and pink and oddly adorable, and there was even a slit in the back of his robe below the belt for it to slip out through, visible to all.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” he whined, trying not to snort like a pig in anger. “Now I’ve got an *oinking* tail! This is the worst!”

He was still fiddling with it, compulsively pulling it straight and letting it bounce back to curly again, all while idling back in the expanse of the main lounge. The fire had lit itself for the night, and the four men were exhausted, the two larger members especially.

“We need a new plan,” Tom said. “There’s clearly no moo-odern tech here. I haven’t even seen a satellite.”

Gavin nodded. “Judging from the night sky, I’d say we’re partly in another plane of existence, sheltered by her powers: we can see the beauty of the entire constellation sky in all its majesty, far more than our level of light pollution would reasonably allow.”

“It is beautiful,” Brandon said, agreeing. In fact, he’d spent longer than he probably should have outside, mingling with the horses and staring up at the night sky as they found places to sleep.

“Who gives a shit if it’s *oinking* beautiful!?” Derek said. He patted his larger stomach. “Sorry, Brandon. I’m just really on edge right now. Jesus, this is crazy. We really need to think of something. Tell me someone has ideas, because I’m no egghead.”

Gavin thought about it. “We could try a boat.”

“There are none,” Tom said. “My swollen ass is tired from walking around the shore to find one.”

“No, I mean we can *make* one.”

“Can we do that?” Brandon asked.

“Sure. We just need some saws, something to lash some logs with, and something to serve as a sail. It’ll be hard work, but it’s something, right?”

It was agreed at once, with only minor hesitation for Gavin, who had put the plan forth, and Brandon, who was worried he would become sick again if he left.

“A boat it is, then,” Tom said. “Damn it, we can do this! Before we all turn into freakin’ animal girls. Before I become some dumb, stupid cowgirl.”

“Fuck yeah,” Derek added with a snort. “No way am I gonna become a lazy, gross pig.”

“I’d rather not be a horse,” Brandon said. “I’ll keep the good health though, if possible.”

There was a pause, and only when it was awkward did Gavin finally add his voice to the choir. “Oh, uh, yeah. I don’t wanna be a wolf girl, obviously. Tomorrow morning we get up and get started.”

But a small part of him already had a little regret. The truth was, his mind was fascinated by the existence of magic, and he found it hard not to be taken in by Circe’s beauty. All that, and being part-wolf had already proven so. Much. Fun.

He kept those thoughts to himself, though.

Chapter 5: Building a Boat

Circe manifested back upon the island. She’d never truly left it, of course, but becoming invisible to mortal eyes was an easy skill for any goddess, including those more minor than her. It had been fun to watch them bicker and argue amongst one another, before finally, *finally* realising that the changes were real. Of course, she was still a little worried that this would go sideways. She’d never really tried to transform anyone into a future lover before, and besides, what if they continued to resist? What if they warred against their instincts for good?

Circe thought that this would be easy, but Tom was complaining more than ever even as his breasts grew and his manhood shrunk. Gavin and Brandon showed possible prospects, but even the latter was clearly timid about becoming a horse girl. And the less said about Derek the better: his feet were starting to turn to hooves, and he waddled about, perpetually swearing, snorting, and oinking in anger.

“Maybe this was a mistake,” she said, watching them trek out into the forest. None of them had seen her yet, but she wanted to give them a chance to strike out on their own and

see for themselves that her word was true: the magical waters of Aeaea would bring them back to shore no matter how much they tried to escape, as it was the case for her.

Once, she would have cackled at this. The Witch of the Wild Isle, she had once been called. But the age of Odysseus was long over, and now she found herself feeling oddly . . . sorry for them. Compassionate. Her heart leapt out to them, in fact, as they struggled with their changes.

"I'll show them paradise, Odyssea," she said to her goat, who had come for more scratches. The nanny was happily pregnant, yet again, and this put her in good spirits.

"They'll understand, as you once did," she said, scratching the fur behind the goat's horns, eliciting more joyful bleats from her. "I'll smother them with love, with pleasure, with affection, with everything they could possibly want."

But all who came to Aeaea had to be changed. It was simply the rule of the place. That was the thing about Gods and Goddesses: they were as much ruled by their domains as they were masters of them. She could no more leave the four young men as mortal humans as she could escape Aeaea itself. No, her power demanded that they be changed, but she gave them the mercy and beauty of new, wondrous forms.

"I'll spoil them," she said, watching them trying to cut down a section of a tree and failing badly at it. "My darlings, just look at them. They're going to be so beautiful and they don't even know it. By the powers of Olympus, I actually . . . I actually hope they forgive me and come to love it. I have such hopes riding on them."

And they were starting to look most interesting.

The work was slow, awkward, and often embarrassing. Occasionally, one of the four had to stop as another ripple of change came over them, often in response to following some instincts, or acting too much like a beast of burden, or simply massaging a part of themselves too much.

Tom was a particular victim of this. His breasts were already larger than any of the others. He'd slept with more than a few women in his life; hell, he'd slept with five alone on the cruise before things turned to disaster. Flash a bit of rich family cash and a lot of girls went gaga for you, at least that's how he found it to be. He often went for shallow types with voluptuous bodies and big tits. Now, that fondness was being turned against him. Tom's breasts had not been covered in fur yet - the Holstein coat had circumnavigated them, for now - and that allowed him to assess their size when he looked over his naked body in the bath, when he dressed himself, or simply when he had to cup them while striding over a

rocky landscape or up a hill. They bounced and jostled, their size placing his nipples further out from his chest than he was used to, which was weird enough.

"Definitely C-cups," Derek had seen him when Tom had privately asked for an inspection.

"Bullshit."

"Well, not *bull*, in your case."

"Oh shut up. There's no way these are C's! C's are - they're ample!"

"Well, from here, you're looking pretty ample, and mine a goddamn *oinking* B's, for sure. Trust me, I'm an expert in bra sizes. I've unclasped more than you have."

Tom hated to admit it, but his friend was right. Which made it all the worse how goddamn sensitive and sore they were. He felt an instinct to constantly massage them, feeling up his tits and occasionally mooing quietly - or loudly, in private - to the sheer bliss that resulted from doing so.

Which only meant they grew further.

"M-moooo!" he cried, just as they'd tethered another piece of wood to their makeshift raft. "N-no! Oh, f-fuck! It's happening!"

Everyone froze, though it didn't come as a surprise: more than even Derek, Tom had found it practically impossible not to feel his new features; the ampleness of his chest had made it hard *not* to. And now said chest was swelling. It expanded further spreading out. Tom abandoned all sense of shame and threw off his tunic, revealing to all the size of his mammarys. They overflowed his palms, areolas stretching wider. Fur spread along the undersides, rendering them even softer and cuddlier. But they were bigger.

"What the fuck!?" he cried.

"Double-D's," Derek said, snorting with a kind of playboy wisdom. "I'd bet my little curly tail on it. "Congrats, Tom, you're now a stacked girl."

"I am not!"

Gavin, to his own surprise, actually snickered out loud, which only got a look of exasperation from Tom.

"Something funny, nerd?"

"Sorry," Gavin said, though he didn't fully back down. "It's just . . . your boobs are pretty big, man. I'm not expert in sizes-"

"Because you're a virgin."

"-but those are definitely big. And I trust Derek in this matter."

"Told you," the jock added. He even stepped up next to Tom and pulled up his robe, revealing his own plump, pink breasts. They weren't exactly small, but neither were they the size of Tom's larger bust.

"Fuck this!" Tom whined. "Fuck all of you! I couldn't help making them bigger: they're so goddamn sore and sensitive. I'd like to see you try and deal with this."

"We're all, um, dealing with this," Brandon reminded him.

"Yeah, but at least you're growing muscles, instead of losing them. Derek, don't laugh, you're losing out here too, man."

"I - *snort!* - know that, dude! But fuck me for at least trying to keep the mood up, right?"

Tom kicked some rocks, frustrated. Derek's own mood turned foul. Brandon and Gavin exchanged a glance; it was odd, to suddenly be the leaders of the group, and having to deal with the insecurities of the normally two most confident members.

"We should keep working on the boat," Gavin said. "Another day or two and we can be ready. I don't know if it will fix us, but-"

"It will," Tom declared, putting his robe back on but unable to disguise his impressive, palm-filling bust. "It *has* to. I'm not getting stuck as some big-titted cow man-chick for the rest of my life."

"So you *do* admit that they're big?" Derek teased.

That started the whole argument again. Gavin could only sigh and stare deep into the forest. He'd rather be out there, stalking through it, hunting deer, than here. But he waved those thoughts away. He'd always valued his intelligence. He wouldn't lose it now.

The boat was nearly finished, but it had been rainy yesterday, and the ground was wet and muddy. While helping lash together some of the wood, Derek had tripped up. His feet had been getting more and more fused together, and it wouldn't be long before he had pig's hooves for feet, a fact that alarmed him greatly. It also meant that when he tripped, it was almost impossible to regain his footing, especially since his stomach had been slowly swelling further, making him now appear pudgy, instead of simply no longer fit. He squealed just like a pig as he went down, splashing into the mud. Because of the current warm weather, the mud was surprisingly warm and inviting. The others laughed a little, except for Brandon who had always been the nicest of them.

"Are you alright, dude?" he asked, scratching at the stump at the base of his spine.

"I'm f-fine. I'm . . . really fine, actually. It's warm."

"Yeah, we'll get you some different clothes, man. Um, does anyone know where we can get Derek some more robes? I guess I can run back to the estates?"

But Derek wasn't listening. The future pig-girl was letting the warm mud trickle between her hand-hooves, fascinated by it.

“Sooooo warm,” he said, voice cracking a little. He cupped more mud and slapped it against his chest, but it wasn’t enough. To Brandon’s confusion, Derek then removed his robe entirely, followed by his underwear, and then laid down in the mud, splashing it over himself and moaning almost orgasmically, as if finally given release. This was the life, he felt; no need to constantly maintain one’s body, no endless training regimen that will end up destroying his knees in a few years. No more obsession over being the strongest, the hottest, the most powerful. Here, he could just be carefree. The only thing missing was some good salad to chow down on hedonistically and-

“DEREK!”

The pig-man opened his eyes, realising what was happening, but it was too laid.

“Nghh! *OINK! SNORT!* C’mon! It’s only been TWO DAYS! That wasn’t f-fair!”

But Circe’s magic didn’t care what was fair and what was not. Instead, it spread through his system, causing further change. He groaned, snorting as his nose finally became a full pig’s snout - not just pig-like, but fully porcine, wide and dominating his face. It stuck out a little, and looked surprisingly cute on his features, especially as they became more feminine: his blonde hair grew out, becoming softer despite the mud in it, and his jaw reformed itself, losing its square shape to have a more gentle, feminine curve. He almost looked like a slightly pudgy, rather pretty woman in his features, especially since his eyelashes had grown.

Other changes occurred as well. He groaned as his hips widened, and again as his breasts expanded to a full D-cup, the kind of boobs he previously loved to cop a feel of. His nipples were now a dark shade of pink, and impressively large, with wide areolas that felt like dish plates in size to him. They weren’t, of course, but he was simply unused to having erogenous sensation there, let alone over such a wider area.

He tried to climb out of the mud, only to stumble as his feet changed more, becoming full hooves. The feeling in his toes disappeared almost entirely, causing him to stumble and fall as he had to become even more pig-like. These were not like his fingers at all; he had full-on animal hooves. He even had little dew claws that seemed to serve no purpose at all.

Couple all of this with skin that was even pinker than before, and a set of ears that were longer and unable to be hidden away, and Derek was thoroughly humiliated. His crotch was covered in mud, but he’d felt his manhood withdraw further. He didn’t even want to think about how small his cock was now, or how empty his balls were. He wasn’t even capable of erections anymore, not that his hoof-hands were very good at grasping his penis; he was still getting used to manipulating them.

“Um, Derek?” Brandon asked, whinnying a little with concern.

Tom actually let out a bovine moo in surprise.

Gavin wisely said nothing. His more intelligent mind had determined that by this point, Derek was certainly over half-way to his fate, possibly further along than any of them, even Tom, but this was not worth bringing up. Instead, he extended a clawed hand to his jock friend to help him up. Shamed, Derek actually took it, which surprised Gav. The pig-man didn't want to admit that he literally *couldn't* get out of the sticky mud puddle; his muscles had given way to curvaceous fat deposits in too many places, and it was too comfortable besides.

"Don't say a fucking word," he warned them, before taking some cloth they had stripped off for a sail from Brandon. "Thanks, buddy," he said, his voice genuine. "Okay, so I'm fatter. I'm pinker. I'm a *snorting* pink man. My ass feels like it's starting to blow up. Anything I missed?"

"Your boobs are bigger," Tom said, eager for some revenge after his own change.

"Yours are still the more impressive pair, cowgirl."

"Hey!" Gavin called, making Brandon jump to the side and capturing the attention of the other two. He was surprised at his own audacity, but his wolf-like instincts compelled him to leave. "Are we just gonna argue, or are we going to keep making this raft? This is what Circe wants; to keep us arguing amongst ourselves until we hate each other, and then when we're alone, we all change further."

"Actually, that's not true at all."

The four gasped as a purple mist spread from the other side of their clearing. Emerging from it was Circe, once more garbed in her green dress, her gorgeous form on display, her red hair weaved into an elaborate and beautiful style. Despite their anger at their own emasculation, none of the young men could avoid appreciating her otherworldly beauty, not to mention her impressive cleavage. The front of her chiton fell low, making it appear as if her own bountiful bosom, equal to Tom's own, might be freed at any moment. Even her footsteps were slow, commanding, and sensual, her bare thighs shown off thanks to the slits along her dress. Now that they knew she was a goddess, it was truly obvious. She was perfection incarnate, and Derek nearly lost his balance on his new hooves just looking at her. Brandon *did*, and thankfully was able to grab onto a tree.

Gavin, however, managed to rally against his desire for her, and actually *growled*. It was enough to make Tom fold his hairy arms beneath his slightly furry breasts, and frown.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

She shrugged. Such a simple, yet elegant gesture, one that made them look at her bare shoulders, as if they were the most beautiful thing in the world.

"Is it *my* island, after all. And my prison. And my charge. I have the right to go where I wish: I know every corner of Aeaea, which is how I've been able to watch you these past days.

Gavin was gobsmacked. "You've been watching us this whole time!?"

"Of course. I had to make sure you weren't hurt, that nothing bad happened to you."

"I've got *TITS!*" Tom screamed. He cupped his large breasts, trying not to wince at their combined pressure, sensation, and soreness. "I'm growing a tail! I've got horns on my head!"

"I'm *getting* a horsehead," Brandon mused, though he kicked at the dust as he said it, a little nervous to directly speak back to the goddess. "And I won't even get a horse . . . you know."

He looked down below his small breasts to where his crotch was.

Circe gave a tender look to them all. She approached, stepping into the mud, though it didn't cling to her, simply sliding off and leaving her perfectly clean.

"I truly am sorry that you are stuck here, but I am also elated to have company. I *must* change all that come, it is part of my power. A goddess cannot abandon her own domain. But I promise you that I am not the Circe of your now-ancient legends. I do not turn men into mere beasts now. At first I gave others intelligence, like my Odyssea, but now I wish for you to be humanoid. To be as my worshipful nymphs once were. I promise, once you embrace your new forms you *will* come to love them. You will live many ages beyond a human mortal, and in perfect health too. You will never want for anything, and your sustenance will be like that of ambrosia. Your comforts will be taken care of. I will . . . I will spoil you sweet, my darlings. I truly will. And . . . I will also show you such pleasures as mortals cannot dream of."

At this, she made a simple gesture with her hand, and purple dust seemed to drift from it, a combination of petals and spores she had been collecting and enchanting that morning. The group trembled as they breathed them in; they were instantly hit with a level of euphoria that, just as Circe said, they could never have imagined. It was bliss incarnate. It was peace. It was deeply arousing.

And then it was gone.

Each breathed out, disappointed, craving the next hit. But then the addiction itself passed just as quickly, and there was only the sweet memory of that perfect feeling. Each had seen flickers of who they might become; a pig-lady, a cowgirl, a horsegirl, a wolf woman. And for just a moment, it had felt *right*.

"What . . . what on earth was *that?*" Tom said. "That was a-moo-zing! That was better than any party drug I've had."

"That is your future," Circe said. "If you stay and accept it. Trust me, you cannot leave. The oceans will not let you. I do not control them."

"Bullshit," Derek said. "I don't care how - *OINK!* - amazing that was! We're getting out of here. I'm not becoming some gross pig-girl. You don't have the *oinking* right to do this to me!"

Brandon neighed in agreement. Gavin was silent, and met Circe's gaze, withering beneath it. She *knew* the truth, he could see it. She knew that a large part of him wanted to stay, but for his friends' own escape wish.

"I will love you," Circe said. "I already do."

To their shared surprise, tears were actually in her eyes.

"But if you try to leave, I will do nothing to stop you. You will see the power of the greater pantheon yourself. But I will do this for you: I will enchant my changes to revert the further you get from my island. They will weaken and reverse. You will become human again and fully male again if you can get away. And if you do . . . I will be saddened, but also proud. I will know that there truly is a way to leave, and for that I will bless you a thousand times."

She waved her hands, and their makeshift sail - the one not worn by Derek currently - fluttered.

"There, I have blessed your sail as well. It will steer you well and keep you, hopefully, safe. My whales will watch just in case things go wrong. I will not allow you to come to harm."

She peered across the horizon, as if seeing through the forest.

"Two days from now," she said. "That is when you should try. I wish you all lucky, my darlings. Truly."

She turned and walked away, her movements hypnotic, her red hair vibrant beneath the sun, now like a bright flame instead of the darker shade it held before. The group had no idea what to make of that, except that, thanks to her godly powers, they got the sense she had been totally honest and genuine with them.

"Two days from now it is, then," Gavin said.

Chapter 6: The Aeaeian Sea

The boat was ready. It was a tight fit for the four of them, and ironically it had been Circe who had suggested they make it larger to accommodate a protective shared tent in case of rough weather, not to mention a secured chest for preserved meat for Gavin and greens for the rest of them. They were still wary of her, but she continued to feed them well, seeing to their clothing, healing any cuts and bruises from their craftsmanship. She even began to laugh lightly and beautifully at an occasional joke, or something that Odyssea or one of her birds said.

In some ways, that was the worst part: how good her company was, and how easy it was to enjoy it. She was a fantastic host, and clearly genuinely cared for them despite setting their transformations in motion. The goddess even supplied brushes for their fur coats, and taught Derek how to care for his longer blonde hair, which he accepted with some reluctance; he'd always been a bit vain, of course.

There was a sense of finality to what was coming. Brandon ran around the estate, moving with the horses, his speed and movements enough to be considered galloping, in a sense. The sensation of wind moving through his face and his hooves treading through soft earth caused further changes, even if they were incremental: his face stretched forward just a little more, and his mane spread down his neck and to his back. His dark hair grew longer, still curly but now taking on a surprising beauty. His fur coat, naturally, spread, so that his chestnut fur, matching the colour of his human skin, now covered his hips and the outer area of his legs. He didn't mind it all that much: he was hoping they would escape, so in the meantime he enjoyed it: it allowed him to wear just a wrap around his hips and run otherwise naked through the forests and across the meadows.

"You look absolutely radiant!" Circe yelled as he ran by. She actually laughed, and he nearly tripped over, unbelieving that a beautiful woman was watching a formerly sick personal like him *run*, let alone be impressed by his athleticism.

"I, uh, well, kinda feel it, I guess."

She approached, and stroked his face briefly, causing his nipples to go tense.

"Don't guess, mortal," she said. "Simply feel. You are radiant, and I hope you realise it when the time comes."

Gavin, meanwhile, gave himself over to his twin pairs of instincts: his nerdy side explored Circe's halls and poured over every artefact with interest, while his wolf side roamed through the forest, trying to catch wild animals. He wasn't fast enough yet for deer, but to his own surprise he caught some rabbits, passing them to Circe to add to his stews.

"Well done, once more," she remarked, stroking the fur of his shoulder in such a way that made him shiver. A girl had never touched him like that. "Did my magical blessing help you? Were you able to tell the rabbits who were once men against those who are merely rabbits?"

She already knew he could, but he confirmed it anyway.

"Very good. It wouldn't do to harm innocent souls of men. Now, would you like me to show you more of my artefacts? I have some items from the Sack of Troy, in fact."

Gavin almost spluttered. "Y-yes. That would be grand, if possible."

She placed a hand around his side. "Then come with me, young wolf. I will show you such wonders."

And she did. He peppered her with a thousand questions, even drinking wine when she offered it, and her company was divine.

Tom and Derek kept themselves more reclusive. They were dealing with changings that they perceived as far more embarrassing. They were becoming larger, softer, and more womanly, and it was undeniable that their breasts were going to be larger than the other two. Still, Circe attempted to approach them. Tom was struggling to use a pencil on some paper Circe had provided to him; he was writing down all the ludicrous expenses he was going to rack up once he was free, all as a treat to himself. This ranges from jet ski trips to mountain hikes to bungee jumping to swimming with whales to entertainment galore.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," Circe said.

"It's your *mooring* house. You can go where you like."

"I respect privacy."

"No, you clearly don't."

Circe chuckled. "Well, I admit, I don't. But I respect your privacy in this matter. I didn't before because I was concerned for you. I still am, but don't want to intrude too much. What are you writing?"

"All the things I want to do once I escape," Tom said.

"May I see?"

He handed the paper to Circe in a huff, and she inspected it. "You know, you can do all of this here. Aeaea has the most magnificent waves for surfing, and the mountain treks are divine. And as for sightseeing? I have so many enchanted forests to show you."

"It's not the same."

"It can be, if you give it a chance. And I'll say this . . . the grass here is healthier and cleaner and tastier than anywhere else on earth."

She lowered a basket to his side, then hesitated, lowered herself a little, and gently kissed him on his cheek, which had started to sprout some fur. Tom actually shivered at the touch. When she left, he bit his flattened teeth together, uncertain, and then ate some of the grass. It was the most delicious food he'd ever eaten.

Derek fumed and muttered, eager to travel beyond the sea tomorrow. He continued to curl and uncurl his pigtail impatiently. His whole body was wrong: his hips were too wide and starting to sway when he walked, and his hooves clopped on the ground with every loud step. His boobs jiggled, and while his robe had a little bit of support for his chest, he was very aware how sensitive and sore his boobs were; they were definitely going to keep growing, and it frustrated him how much part of him wanted that. He remembered the sensation of that mud, and he desired it greatly. There was that piggish instinct to lie back and relax, almost lazily so. It was why he kept walking up and down the halls, trying to keep to his regimen.

“Can’t sleep?”

He turned. There was Circe in her night dress. She looked resplendent, and it showed off even more of her form than usual. God, he wanted her. He wanted her to suck on his tits and feel his soft belly, and it shamed him to know how much he wanted that.

“Nervous about tomorrow, I guess,” he said, his voice softer, though it ended with a cute snort.

“Would you like to use my mud baths to calm down? They are most peaceful.”

“I - fuck, I do. But no way. It’s a trick. I’ll change more.”

“Not this time. I can’t stop your transformation, but I can temporarily halt it; I promise you, my word as a goddess, you will not change further while you enjoy the bath. You deserve it, Derek. And you deserve to know how much you will come to adore the life of being my beautiful pig-woman. Please, come with me.”

He did. God help him, Derek did. He needed to feel the warmth and laziness of his bath. Circe brought him to an elaborate set of mud baths, the kind used for beauty treatments and utter relaxation. Derek didn’t even wait. He stripped off his robe and practically lunged at the pool, slipping in beneath the mud and then immediately oinking and snorting with glee. It was perfect indeed. It was pure happiness. He laid back, becoming one with the mud, rubbing his breasts and belly, part of him wishing he had a womanhood to feel as well.

“Enjoy,” Circe said, before slipping away, a smile on her lips.

Too late, Derek said it: “Mhmmm . . . thank you.”

The boat was ready, and Circe had not lied; the tide was perfect, beckoning them to leave. Oddly, feelings were much more mixed as they prepared to leave. None of them said it out loud, but despite their alien changes, there were indeed many parts of their changes lives they were coming to enjoy. Gavin was most obvious in this, followed by Brandon, but Derek was craving those mud baths again, just as Tom wanted to roam the island more. Despite the itch above his crotch, the future cowgirl was even revelling just a little in having large breasts. He didn’t want to keep them, of course, but last night in bed he had squeezed and cupped and played with them, massaging them into even greater size, and finally climaxing from their sheer sensitivity. It had been more powerful than any male orgasm.

And so they stood on the beach, their raft prepared, Circe having stocked it with the best food for a long trip, and her magic helping the winds their way. She was in a beach dress of sorts, nothing like a modern bikini, but a sort of Greekified sari; a short skirt and shorter tunic that showed off her trim, perfect belly and her inviting legs. None of them could

stop looking at her; she was so obviously a goddess. A woman whose beauty, sensuality, and grace exceeded any other on earth.

"Can I just say, you are a fucking bombshell, Circe," Derek said.

Circe blinked. "I take it this is a good thing?"

"Absolutely," Tom said. "Seriously, you are the most crazy good looking woman I've ever seen."

She blushed a little. "It has been a long time since I've heard such worship, excuse me. I am a goddess; consider that a little bit of cheating on my part."

"Thank you for helping us," Gavin said. "I won't lie, I'm really going to miss this place. I could talk for . . . for years about the history you have in your possession, about the nature of magic that defies my entire scientific understanding!"

"Perhaps you will," Circe said. "I pray for your success, truly. It will open doors to me as well. But even if you do escape Aeaea, you will always be welcome back here."

"Thanks for making me feel healthy," Brandon said, his voice more a husky woman's than a man's. He gestured to his horse-like body. "This is still crazy to me, but what I've experienced, it's been, uh, it's been the best time of my life, at least for the last four years. Possibly, um, beyond that."

Circe bowed a little. "I promise you even more happiness, if you return to me. All of you, and pleasures beyond."

Tom and Derek exchanged a glance.

"When you say pleasure," Derek asked, "do you mean to say like-"

"Sex," Circe said flatly, in such a way that Tom mooded with surprise. "The most wonderful sex you will have ever experienced. I have always favoured women, and I am a sorceress who adores the nature of beasts, as you know. My body would be yours, and your bodies mine, and we would please one another greatly. To lie with a goddess . . . my nymphs in centuries past were in states of ecstasy unheard of to mortal kind."

Tom gulped. He looked down at his large breasts, pushing against his robe. He could imagine Circe's hands upon them, massaging a euphoria throughout his body.

"W-we better get going. Look, I don't want to be a cowgirl, but . . . thanks, I guess, for making it interesting. I get that this is not really your fault. We washed up here and stuff, and you have to change everything that lands. I guess you did the best you could, and . . . some of it has felt nice."

She nodded. "All the best to you, Tom. To all of you. But if you are unable to leave, I will take care of you. You will be my darlings, and you will be spoiled for your long, long, long lives. This I promise. There are no strings attached."

She gave each of them a hug, and even Derek found himself returning it. Something had changed in him the previous night, lying in that mud bath. It was crazy to think of it, but

he'd actually been *proud* of his form, and he still felt oddly proud of it. Part of him wanted to change completely, just for a day or two, and experience the full porcine life. When Tom parted from his hug, Circe actually touched his breasts, cupping them through his robe. He mooded a little, shocked but not unhappy.

"These truly are such wonderful breasts," she remarked. "I shall be sorry to see them go, if you make it."

"I - they aren't all that bad, I guess. I've dated girls with bigger, but not many."

"Yours would be even more wonderful, if you kept changing. A cow needs large milkers, after all."

Tom blushed a little, and then stepped onto the raft. The four of them were there, each with certain regrets, Brandon and Gavin most of all, and Derek a little on the fence. Tom was, of course, more eager than most.

"I'll get my rich folks to try and get a rescue crew for you!" he called.

Circe smiled. "That would be lovely, though impossible. Aeaea calls only those who are meant to be here. Even I cannot control it. Thank you for our time together, my darlings. May the gods bless your leaving! May the Fates be kind!"

And with that, she raised her hands, spoke an ancient incantation, and the winds suddenly picked up, pushing their raft out onto the water and across the low, calm tide. Brandon and Gavin waved to her, and Derek raised a hand. Only Tom stayed still, clinging to his obstinance, to his hope of being a human man again. Still, he cupped his breasts and felt them, unashamedly enjoying their sensations for what he felt would be the last time.

Circe had spoken true: their changes were reverting. For some, it was more of a blessing. Derek's muscular frame returned to him, as did his normal Caucasian skin. His blonde hair shrank, and his fingers were no longer hooves, making it easier to use them.

"Ha!" he cried. "Getting my bod back!"

"Same!" Tom declared, lifting his robe to show the fur receding. His dick grew longer again, and his balls expanded to their regular size. Even better, his horns disappeared, as did his breasts. He didn't say it, but part of him would miss them.

Gavin's changes were less welcome. He knew they had to happen, but the wild grey fur and sharp teeth, not to mention his new muscular strength, had all become part of him in such a short time. It had been not quite two weeks, but he still felt a great loss to be reduced to a scrawny nerd again.

"Here I am, I suppose," he said quietly.

"Hey, you're you again, man," Tom said.

"Yeah, weak little me."

Brandon threw up. The three others turned to him, and Derek was first to move to his friend to check if he was okay.

"Great," he groaned. "Just great. I'm freaking sick. Again. Ugh, I need some space to lie down in the tent. P-please."

They helped him in, and the strength fled his body once more as he became more human. Instantly, his autoimmune illnesses returned, leaving him faded and weak, and generally exhausted. They gave him some time as they continued across the flat ocean, the island dimming in the distance, but eventually Derek went into the tent to see how he was going.

"I take it back," Brandon groaned. "I wanna be a horse girl again."

"You don't mean that," Derek said.

"No, I really do. This shit s-sucks. I, uh, miss feeling so confident and free. It felt awesome."

"You'll be a goddamn horse girl, dude."

"I don't care. Hell, you were enjoying being a bit of a pig at times. Gavin liked being a wolf, didn't you, Gavin?"

Gavin, outside the tent, blushed a little. He didn't have his glasses, so everything was hard to see, but his braces had oddly returned.

"Yeah, I did," he admitted. "A lot, actually."

"We'll get you a gym membership when we get back!"

"You were touching your boobs a lot, Tom! You enjoyed parts of it; especially the grass! And the nature! You said it got you away from how fake everything else was."

Tom scoffed. "That was the mental changes. I'll hire a goddamn psychiatrist if I need one. And I don't care how much any of you might have liked bits of it; we're not going back. Not for Brandon, not for you Gavin, not even for a fucking mud bath for Derek. Look, we're almost to normal, even my fur is almost gone. Soon I won't have any horns, and then hopefully we can make it to civilisation. I promise I'll convince my folks to give you guys like a million bucks each to make you happy, okay? But we *are* leaving this place."

Brandon lifted the tent flap and looked out to the horizon. "Uh, guys? I'm n-not too sure of that."

"I told you, Brandon, I'm sorry you're sick, but we're not returning."

"I don't mean about that. I mean I don't think we can leave. Look!"

He pointed, focusing on the horizon so he didn't throw up again. The others gazed forward, and then they saw it. The sea was almost entirely flat, except for a single, impossible wave that was rising up to greet them. And by a single wave, it was a magical

one, because its dimensions were almost exactly as wide as their boat, as if conjured just to stop them, personally.

"Fuck!" Tom cried. "Fuck this! Everyone, get an oar. Keep the mast steady. We are beating this!"

They held on tight, and the wave hit them. It rocked the raft, but they pushed past it . . . only for that same wave to literally turn a corner, move around as if it were hunting them, and hit at them again. It grew in size, drawing up more water, pushing at their raft.

"Circe was right!" Gavin cried.

"We can't escape!" Brandon added.

"We will!" Derek said. "We can do this! We'll prove her wrong!"

He joined Tom's efforts, and the pair worked hard to keep the raft steady. It was a losing battle, however, because every time they rallied, the wave only pounded harder, pushing at their boat. Parts of it came undone, and the group screamed as they tried to keep the structure together. Gavin and Brandon were separated from the more desperate pair, and they were pushed back. They tried to paddle towards their friends, but now two waves were coming, even more volatile than before.

"We will escape!" Tom screamed into the wind that had begun to rise. "You can't stop us!"

"YOU ARE BUT MORTALS," a loud male voice declared, brass-toned and booming through the skies supernaturally. *"AND WE ARE THE GODS OF OLYMPUS. DO NOT DEFY NEPTUNE'S WAVES NOR THE WINDS OF ZEPHYR. BY DECREE OF ZEUS, ALL WHO WASH UPON THE SHORES OF AEAEA SHALL REMAIN THERE. NOW GO!"*

They had angered the Gods in their escape attempt, and now their full fury was finally unleashed. A wall of water hit both separated rafts at once, smashing them to smithereens and causing the four men to be dragged underwater in a mighty torrent right back to the island. Their changes reasserted themselves: fur growing in, horns and nascent tails, hooves and snouts. Breasts surged forth back into existence, especially for Tom and Derek, but all of them became more feminine as they were sent careening through the water back to Circe's island.

Not that any of them knew it yet. They couldn't swim against such a force, nor find the surface to breathe. The water suffocated them, and their minds were in such a panic that they were on the verge of drowning at any moment. All four of the young men could feel the presence of the other gods: the wrath of the pantheon who had locked Circe away on her island. They could sense their hatred for her and all her works. It flooded through them as surely as the ocean flooded *around* them. It was all too much. They could not hold their breaths any longer.

Suddenly, an enormous creature rose from the depths and caught them upon its back. The surface rushed up to greet them, and their lungs heaved, desperate for fresh air. They got it just in time.

"Holy shit!" Tom squealed, his fur now returned, his body soaked, his clothes all gone.

The others were naked as well, clinging to the rubbery surface of what proved to be a *whale*; one of Circe's creatures, bringing them back to Aeaea, to safety.

"She was telling the truth!" Gavin declared, his face almost ecstatic before he caught himself.

Brandon clung to the whale, but smiled privately. He had been afraid of death, but even more afraid of weakness. He felt stronger again.

"Oh God," Derek said, feeling his belly grow, his hooves come in, his pig-features returning to where they were. "We really are trapped here . . . for good." He fixed his gaze upon the island, then up to the estates. There would be pigs in the meadows, and mud baths . . . he really wanted that mud bath, and it humiliated him to feel those porcine instincts returning.

"No, no!" Tom cried, clutching his large breasts so they didn't bounce too much. "It's not fair!"

But fairness had nothing to do with it. The whale brought them in as close as it could, and they were forced to swim a short way, then trudge through the shallows to the white, sandy, perfect beach. Circe was there, waiting for them, and to her credit her features were crestfallen. She really had hoped they would get away, and perhaps help her own escape.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But at least you are safe."

They walked up the path, Brandon and Gavin thanking her, Derek grunting in appreciation, and Tom otherwise silent. She waved her hand in the air as they reached the pleasant grass fields outside her home, and it caused their fur to magically dry instantaneously, and even the sand caught up in their fur and hooves disappeared. That, at least, reduced their discomfort.

"Come," Circe said. "It's been a long day for you, one in which you have felt a fraction of my own imprisonment all these centuries. At least you have each other."

"But we're stuck here," Tom said, scratching the area above his crotch while trying to hide his boobs with his other forearm.

"Yes, I'm sorry. But, my wonderful darlings, we can make a home here. Look at it, at all this splendour, and you will see it too."

They did so, taking in the beauty of the palatial estate, the surrounding fields, gardens, fruit trees, meadows, forests, and the gorgeous mountain beyond. It truly did

appear like a paradise, and for just a moment, each of the men could see how glorious their future could be. Their prison could be heaven on earth, if they just let it so.

A shudder ran through each of them.

"Uh-oh," Derek said. "Does anyone else f-feel that?"

"I - *moo!* - do!" Tom cried.

"Me as - *neigh!* Well!" Brandon added.

Gavin growled a little, then literally bayed at the sky like a wolf. "I think we're ch-changing again! Circe!?"

She stepped back, clearly a little surprise. "I'm afraid it's not my doing, my darlings. The attempt to escape is accelerating your changes; I have tried to keep them at bay until we got home, but . . . now they are coming. A rather big change, I feel. My magic wants to complete itself."

The four looked at one another, and then another ripple hit them. The pressures were all too much, and their bodies wanted to be complete.

It was time, yet again, to transform, and none of them could stop it.

Chapter 7: New Looks

The strangest thing that went through Derek's mind as his body began to change was that if he *had* to change, why couldn't it have been privately, back in the mud baths? Instead, before the eyes of magnificent Circe and his three best friends, he was writhing on the grass, completely naked as his porcine transformation continued. The former jock literally *squealed*, just like a pig, as his breasts expanded further, and then again as his thighs thickened and his pelvis widened yet further, giving him a rather adorable pear-shaped figure. His skin reached its full state of pinkness, and a light covering of fur spread across his entire form, including up over his face, which had remained fairly humanoid but for his pig nose and ears. A layer of fat spread over his body, the pressure giving way to relief as his muscles melted. His thighs wobbled, his ass wobbled, his *tits* wobbled, and all of it felt so goddamn *right*.

"M-my ass!" he cried. "Mhmm! It's blowing up!"

It pushed out, further and further, fat flowing into the cheeks and causing him to squeeze his eyes shut. He cried out again, his hoof-digits sinking into the flesh of his ballooning rear, which now felt so huge upon him. With each pant, his breath rose higher in pitch. Even his eyebrows changed, becoming feminine, and his jaw became further rounded. He was now looking like a very cute pig-girl in every way but one: his penis, though

incredibly tiny by this point, still existed. Everything else was like a sexily thick-figured pig-girl, cute tummy and all.

“*OINK! OINK!*” he cried, voice an oddly sweet tone. “F-fuck! I’ve ch-changed more! I’m a goddamn curvy pig!”

He tried to cover his naked pink body, but there was a lot of body to cover, and his wider hips and bigger butt gave him the kind of pear shape that Circe found utterly enticing. She managed to keep her lips tight though, because the others were changing too.

Brandon’s jaw was open as he beheld Derek’s changes, but his own pressures were leading to transformation as well. That very same jaw began to elongate, his face stretching forward to become more horse-like, the rest of his teeth flattening also. He neighed loudly, gripping his long face and nearly stumbling backwards on his hooves. With a gasp of a whinny, a horse tail practically *exploded* out of his backside, growing and extending, the new ligaments forming, followed shortly by the long hairs. It waved backwards and forwards, and Brandon clutched it with alarm, whinnying several times once more.

“A tail! I’ve got a horse tail!”

“At least you’re not fat!” Derek cried.

“You’re not fat, you’re just *thick!* And my l-legs, they’re - ohhhh! *NEIGH!*”

Muscles grew in, lean and tight and lithe. Brandon’s physique was becoming powerful and athletic, though it certainly fell short of amazonian. Like an actual horse, the impressive muscle had an elegance and grace to it, providing him with long brown-haired legs and a female swimmer’s upper body. His penis shrunk almost to nonexistence, but he was quick to grasp his boobs with his hands. They swelled, though only slightly, enough that his chest was obviously female but not enough to interfere with his devoted running regime.

“My f-face! It’s g-getting b-big!”

It finished developing, and thankfully still fell far short of looking like an actual horse’s head, but there was no denying that it was longer, that it pushed towards a snout, and that it was the most dramatic cranial change out of all of them. And yet despite this, Brandon felt stronger than ever, his limbs almost aching to move so he could roam and gallop. He fell back on his rum, where his hips had widened splendidly, and panted, trying to come to terms with it all.

“Brandon, you look amazing!” exclaimed Gavin, who tried to stumble over to his friend. But he fell far short, because his own changes hit. He welcomed them far more openly than the others, growling not in anger but in a wolfish anticipation, like a predator finally seizing upon its prey.

“Y-yeesss!” he cried, shifting backwards away from the group so he could revel in his changes unmolested. “Y-YESSS! I feel it, Circe! I feel it ALL!”

Grey hair sprouted over his legs, on the insides of his thighs. His member became covered in a sheath, but in his willingness to take it all on, even that melted into his body, his testicles and penis dissipating in favour of a new, wet womanhood.

“AAARROOOOOO!!!” the new female wolfwoman howled, reared her head to the sky as if the moon was full and the night sky had come.

Circe gasped, covering her mouth a little. She knew Gavin was more eager to join her, but to see it happen right before her . . . well, her nipples stiffened behind her top, making clear imprints against the material.

“She’s beautiful,” she whispered to herself, feeling her own magic work wonders that even she could not have imagined to be so perfect. Truly, these future girls would be her masterpieces.

Gavin’s tail extended forth, bushy and wagging and free. Her legs became slightly digitigrade, the foot and heel longer, allowing her to spring forwards or even jump toward her prey in a massive leap. Her snout pushed forwards, her face leaner and meaner, her eyes now those of a hunter. No, a *huntress*.

It was startling, how little her new femaleness bothered her. Gavin was a wolf woman, bipedal yet capable of going to all fours, her fur now covering her skin. With a grun, her breasts came in properly, slightly larger than Brandon’s but still a fairly regular size, perhaps a B-cup or small C-cup at best, not that she knew such things very well. What mattered was that she felt powerful and pure, and with her beautiful great coat warming her she never wanted to wear clothing again. Her fur was all she needed.

“I feel wonderful,” she said. Her tongue lolled to one side of her jaw, wagging happily, just like that of a natural canine. “Circe, this is incredible!”

“I am very glad for you!” Circe replied, utterly beaming at Gavin and Brandon, and even to Derek, though the latter was gripping some of the slight rolls in her belly, aghast at being a thick-figured pig-person instead of the fit Adonis he’d once been.

“Incredible!?” Tom cried, fighting his changes as much as he could. He scratched at the pink rash above his crotch, the pressure and itchiness of it almost impossible to bear. “How can you find this - *moo!* - incredible!? This is moo-adness! This is - M-M-MOOOO!!! Oh f-fuck! It’s happening! I can’t fight it! It’s - MOOOO!!

All at once, the changes Tom had tried to keep at bay through sheer force of will were unleashed. He fell back against a wooden fence Circe had erected for a field, thrusting out his chest in response to the pressures giving way there. His big boobs grew, surging forth and growing and growing and growing until they were easily each the size of his head, heavy and round and endlessly jiggling, bouncing, and wobbling. He groaned, clutching them helplessly, and they overflowed his hooved hands, easily too big to be contained by such a simple gesture.

“They’re f-fucking huge! MOOOO!!”

A new pressure became evident, and his breasts somehow grew *even* more, causing new reluctant ecstasy to flow through him. The rich man struggled, gripping his big pink nipples and tugging on them in response to said pressure. In response, large streams of hot white flood sprayed out onto the ground, forming shallow puddles. Odyssea the goat bleated happily and trotted over to lick at the puddles, even as more rivulets of the pearly fluid flowed down Tom’s chest, which was now entirely covered in hair, his big, furry breasts included.

“What the f-fuck is this!? Why is it so f-full!?”

“Woah, that’s milk, dude!” Derek cried. “You’re a cow - you’re making milk!”

“Moo-ilk? I don’t want moo-ilk! I want - NNGHH!”

His horns pushed out further, and his face became just a little bovine, though still impressively beautiful. His black and white hair grew all the way down to settle on his shoulders, which also slimmed considerably to give him a more feminine build. With a moo and a grunt, Tom’s hips spread wider, his thighs fattening as they separated. His foot were hooves, but he then fell forward, struggling as a long cow’s tail - ropey end and all - burst out from his backside.

“M-MOOOO! Moo-ake it stop feeling so moo-arvellous! MMHMM!!”

His fur was everywhere now, including on his face. Circe almost squeaked herself, aroused not just by the sight of this wondrous change and those colossal mammaries Tom was now failing to compress, but also by how cute it was that his left eye now had a furry black splotch upon it, giving the near-cowgirl a rather sexy asymmetrical look.

Tom struggled against the bliss of his transformation. He cradled his overdeveloped chest, biting his lip and mooing from the sensitivity every part of his body seemed to possess. His penis was almost gone, but he managed to summon enough willpower to push against the transformation, preventing his full conversion to femininity. His ropey tail slapped against his thighs as it shook from side to side, an entirely new limb that he was unused to possessing. But still he held firm, refusing to become a full woman, no matter how otherwise female he appeared to be. Unfortunately, the magic had to go elsewhere, and it would lead to a very dramatic change indeed.

“M-mooo! My r-rash! It’s s-so fucking tight!”

He scratched at the red-pink patch above his crotch, his hoof-hands digging at it, trying to relieve the mix of discomfort and pressure there. His voice was already female: a sort of bellowing husky woman’s voice, perfect for a broader cowgirl. But it rose higher in tone as she cried out: the patch was *growing*.

It pushed out, subtly at first and then gaining mass dramatically. The pressure didn’t let up, causing Tom to try and push it back in. It was a futile effort, for the sac was expanding

just as his breasts had, growing outwards and jiggling about in its softness. Four sensitivity spots extended, and with a dread realisation he understood what they were: teats.

"An udder!?" he moaned, half-mooing. "I'm growing a freakin' *udder!*?"

"Of course you are," Circe replied. "You are to be my darling cowgirl, of course. How else are you to provide sweet milk in abundance in such a bovine manner?"

"I thought j-just my tits! I thought - MOOOO!!"

It ballooned again, far too big to be contained by his two hoof-hands. The sac was huge, even bigger than his furry melon-like breasts which jiggled and wobbled with each movement. It hung down, concealing what remained of his manhood, and seemed to be about the size of a fully inflated basketball.

"Euuugh!" he groaned, squeezing it together. To his horror, droplets of milk emerged from his four teats, splashing to the ground. He groaned again; it already felt like his udder was partly full. It was making milk! Goddamned milk!

"N-no," he whispered, falling back against the fence, his udder slapping audibly against his thigh. "No, no, no, no!"

He turned, got his balance, and pointed a hoof digit at Circe. "F-fuck you!" he cried. And then he ran for the hills, or perhaps more accurately managed a light jog. His heavy breasts bounced too much, and his udder even more so, for him to pick up a speedy pace. Concerned, Brandon moved to intercept him, but Circe was faster, placing her hand on the future horsegirl's furry shoulder.

"Don't," she said. "He needs time on his own to accept it."

"Damn right we do," Derek said, looking over his own porcine form. "I don't blame him one bit. We're becoming frickin' animal girls."

"I already am one," Gavin admitted, his voice that of a fierce and dominating woman. A huntress' voice. "I'm fully changed."

"Sucks to be you, then."

Gavin placed her hands on her hips and stuck her chest out proudly, a grin on her wolfish features. "Actually, you know what, Derek? I don't mind it at all. I've got everything I ever wanted, and if that means I have to be a girl, I don't mind that either. I kind of . . . feel beautiful."

"You *are* beautiful," Circe said, rubbing her back with one hand and lowering it to feel Gavin's tail. The wolf woman almost panted in pleasure from the sheer contact. "You all are. And once your changes are complete, I promise you—"

"Mud baths galore and endless food," Derek said. "But I'll still be a fat, pink, pig girl. Goddamn. I need some time."

He got up, trying to ignore the jiggle in his thighs and *especially* his ass, and he trotted off.

“I need to find some clothes!”

Circe let him go as he walked back to the estate. She turned to Brandon and Gavin, interest in her eyes. “And what of you two? Would you like some clothes?”

Gavin hesitated. It seemed the proper thing to do, but that feeling before, that desire to never wear clothing again. Why would she? She was a wolf woman now, free and wild.

“No,” she said. “No thank you. I feel perfect as I am.”

Circe beamed, and it was enough to make the wolf woman a little weak at the knees. “And you, Brandon?”

“I, um . . . I guess maybe just a small wrap for my waist, since I’m not totally, uh, *done*, you know. But I feel fine otherwise.”

Another smile. “That’s a good start. Come, we’ll make a feast for tonight, and bring out my best wine. Some will need it to celebrate, others might need it for consolation.”

She turned, and they followed her. Circe couldn’t help but have a brilliant smile on her features, one that was practically plastered to her face. She truly had wanted them to succeed, but now that they had been returned to her, she found herself happier still. She had longed for company, for love, for worship and companionship for so long. And while she could tell with her superior instincts how much her divine body aroused the four of them - even angry Derek and Tom - she was also feeling quite aroused in turn. The sight of Tom’s lactating breasts and udder, of Derek’s sexily chubby form, of Gavin’s raw power and Brandon’s athletic grace and beauty . . . her thoughts were turning, and her body’s lusts could no longer be satisfied by her own self-ministrations.

She needed to take a lover, tonight if possible.

And she wanted to please them as much as they would please her.

Tom had covered as much of his body as possible, but the supply of female maternity dresses in the Ancient Greek style were all that properly fit him, thanks to his massive chest and swollen udder. He found it hard not to fight with it, or to feel his tail or adjust his big boobs. And that wasn’t even getting into fixing his black and white hair over his shoulders or scratching at his longer horns. This body was entirely alien to him, and the only good thing, as far as he was concerned, was how damn *sensitive* it was in all the right places. He’d retreated to the meadows at first, and even sought the company of other cows.

“How on earth do you put up with that damn udder?” he asked them. “Though I guess you don’t have two massive tits as well. These things are huge. God, and I’ve got them for life. For a very, very long life if Circe is speaking the truth. Does that mean I’ll actually get used to having a frickin’ udder and melon-sized tits? Fuck me, that’s a weird thought.”

Strangely, their company was peaceful. His stomach groaned, and without nearby food he lowered himself to eat the grass near them. It was peaceful, and took his mind off of the insanity of it, despite the fact that his tail wagged happily, and his breasts and udder drooped enough to slide against the ground and expel more milk.

After that, he'd retreated to his room. It was over from Derek's, and the pig girl had seen him enter.

"Hey," he'd said in that cute, sweet pig-girl voice he now had.

"Hey," Tom returned in his lower contralto voice.

"So, this is us."

"Almost. Just got vaginas to go."

"How's making milk going?"

"It sucks. I'm not milking myself, dude. How goes having a massive ass?"

Derek blushed even pinker. "It's embarrassing. It seriously wobbled. The dress is tight around it."

"I can see that. You'd have loved to have - *moo* - fucked a girl with an ass and thighs like that, right?"

Derek chuckled, placing his his hoof-hands on those wide hips and doing a silly pose, hip cocked to one side. "Damn *oinking* right, I would. You coming to dinner in an hour?"

"I have to. Stomach's growling all the time. I'm just taking some time. Don't want to accept this."

"Same. At least I'll get to fuck Circe, though."

"You gonna squeal like a pig for her?"

"Fuck you, man. If we're stuck like this, I am totally having sex with her."

But Tom was adamant. "I'm not falling for it. I'm not going there. I'll hold out until I die. I'm still me, cowgirl bits or not."

They parted, their sense of camaraderie preserved but heading in different directions. Tom lay down on his bed, but found that lying on his chest was literally impossible now unless he heaped up all his plush pillows; the combination of his literally head-sized boobs and basketball-sized udder made it too uncomfortable, and seeped more milk as well.

"Goddamn it, do I have to milk myself?"

He refused. He'd never do it. Even as his breasts tightened and his udder became more taut and dome-like, he refused.

"I'm Tom. I'm a moo-an. I'm not a cowgirl!"

Circe was proud of the festivities she threw on. It was a small gathering, of course - there were only five of them together on the island - but she'd invited many of her favourite animals, most of whom had formerly been sailors and shipwrecked individuals. Odyssea occupied a place of honour, naturally, and was happily eating all the carrots and lettuce she desired, a treat in honour of her latest pregnancy, which the former male captain seemed most proud of these days. Of course, she probably just liked it when Circe milked her.

Speaking of, she noticed Tom enter, the last of them to take his place at the long table, sitting in the shadow of an impressive jaguar and great deer. An eagle flew down and unveiled his dish before flying off; a gorgeous salad with some of the finest grass on Aeaea adorning it. He salivated, looking at it.

"Thanks, I guess," he said.

The other meals were just as perfect. Brandon received some of the finest vegetables, preparing delicately and with Circe's best herbs. Derek received a similar dish, but with an adornment of truffles that he was literally snorting over, his pig nose widening with each intake of their wonderful scent. And Gavin, naturally, had a much more meaty dish: fine venison and lamb.

"Worthy of the gods," she told the wolf woman. "And worthy of a glorious supplicant to a goddess as well, Gavin."

"I certainly feel like a goddess, in a way, myself. I hope that's not too blasphemous."

Circe chuckled. "Not tonight, no. I imagine you all feel quite different with your new looks!"

"The tail is a lot to deal with," Brandon said. "But I kind of like it. I was brushing it earlier. And my legs are so much more powerful. I think I can go even faster. I've just got to get used to this face of my own."

"Too long?" Derek teased.

"Not too much, thankfully. But it just feels so . . . so weird!"

"You'll have many, many lifetimes to become used to it," Circe said, reached over to touch her hand gently. "And you do look so very beautiful and elegant, Brandon. How are you, Derek?"

"Heavier," Derek said flatly. "And hungrier. God, I feel like an *oinking* pig, I swear."

"And you are truly adorable for it, Derek. Please, eat to your heart's content, and you can lie in the mud baths as long as you wish. I plan to join you tomorrow, in fact. Naked, if you would allow it."

Derek oinked in surprise. He bit his lip, blushing a darker pink yet again. "That - that wouldn't be so bad, I guess. I mean, my hooves do need a bit of cleaning out, I guess. And it is comfy."

"I shall make it all the more so. A goddess makes for an excellent masseuse, when she desires to be so."

Tom interrupted this moment, however, with a small 'moo.' He winced, breathing heavily, breasts rising and falling like two globular mountains, positively straining the maternity chiton he was wearing.

"Are you okay, dude?" Brandon asked.

"F-fine. Just f-full. Fuck. *Moo.*"

He winced again as his large nipples tensed, then released some of their warm milk into his dress - breasts and udder both. Thankfully, being at the table, his friends couldn't see the leakage from his udder as it spilled produce to the floor, but they could see the two growing damp patches on his dress.

"Buddy, you're lactating!" Derek said.

"You think I don't know that! I'm moo-aking moo-ilk here, damn it!"

Circe became alarmed. "Have you not been milking yourself?"

"Of course not! I'm not t-touching this damn udder! I'm not some cow!"

"But the experience is blissful! Full of release! It is a great blessing I have given to your transformation; to create wondrous milk of the finest taste, befitting even the pantheon, and to experience immense pleasure while-"

"I'm not moo-ilking myself, okay!? I'm dealing with enough with all this fur and having huge furry, bouncy tits with enormous nipples, and hooves, and this big ropey tail that won't stop moving! I even broke a vase when I hit it on the shelf with my horns just before coming here!"

Circe winced, hoping it was not one of her good ones. She and her nymphs had worked hard on many of her decorations.

"You just need to give it time, Tom. I promise, you will-"

"Come to love my form, yada yada. God, I was rich. I was good looking! I wasn't a damn Adonis like Derek was, but I pulled hot chicks!"

"You pulled chickens?"

"No, I mean chicks! Sexy ladies! I had everything I wanted, and now I'll just be a dumb, stupid, ugly cow."

Circe's expression was sorrowful. "I know this is difficult, but there will be nothing dumb, stupid, or ugly about you. Nothing at all."

Tom pouted, his little snout making the expression adorable. "The worst part is, when you say stuff like that, I want to believe it."

"Such is the nature of a goddess. Still, I promise to give you all the time you want, and need. In the meantime, it is perhaps wise to turn one's attention to your friend, and learn from him as well."

She looked to Gavin, who was surprised to be at the centre of attention once more.

"You are the first to be complete, and so this feast is in honour of all of you, yes, but you most of all." She raised a wine glass. "To you, Gavin, for embracing what the Fates have in store for you. I promise you such pleasures . . . tonight, if you would have them."

Even the birds in the room stopped their lovely, organised music for this moment. Derek's jaw fell, and Brandon felt a searing jealousy sweep over him. Gavin gaped, not knowing quite what to say. Thankfully, his wolfish instincts stepped in for him.

"I would be honoured," she said. "Thank you, Circe. I know some of you are still hesitant, and it's still very new to me, but this entire experience has been so enlightening and enlivening. I feel like I've moved beyond the scrawny nerd I used to be, towards what I was *meant* to be from the beginning; someone who appreciates science and mysticism, who can be intelligent *and* powerful. I really believe, it's my hypothesis, that we'll all be happy soon."

Derek huffed a little bit, but he couldn't stop looking at Circe in her resplendent white dress, like a wedding gown. He wanted her so very badly, and when she looked at him, he felt no shame at his body, even if just for moments.

"That will be true indeed," Circe said. "I promise you, my darlings, to always keep you happy."

"And I have one other announcement," Gavin said.

Circe halted, intrigued. "Yes?"

Gavin gave a wolfish grin, her claws raking on the table just a little, the last gasps of nervousness before her announcement. "I don't want to be known as Gavin anymore. I'm not a man, and I'm not even human anymore. I'd like to take on a proper woman's name. I'd like to be known as *Giana*."

Circe stood up, moved to Giana's side, and kissed her tenderly. This was not on her cheek, but on her lips themselves. Giana was shocked at how loving and pure it felt; their mouths could not interlock perfectly, but this just allowed Circe to roam further, planting kisses along the length of Giana's more pointed face. For just a moment, she even placed her tongue into Giana's mouth, snaking it over her own. It made the wolfgirl thrum with need; an instinct to *mate*.

"I'm proud of you, Giana," she said. Then she whispered, though the better hearing of the others in the room all heard it. "*Join me in my bed tonight.*"

Giana gulped. Brandon and Derek gazed on in jealousy.

And Tom . . . Tom felt a desperate need to be milked. He couldn't help but wonder what it would be like for Circe to 'help' him.

"I want nothing more," Giana answered.

Chapter 8: Circe's Bed

Giana, despite her more aggressive instincts, was still nervous as she was led to Circe's bed. Her tail wagged submissively, recognising her alpha, and she found herself sniffing at the pleasant incense in the room, as well as . . . other aromas. There was a heat in the air, the smell of sex, and it wafted from Circe. Giana knew in that moment that this was no gift being bestowed; for all of Circe's grandiose proclamations of godhood - all of them correct - she was still a person, in many ways. A person with needs, desires, wants, and arousals. And she was deeply aroused at the moment, to the point where her graceful movements were more an act to entice Giana. She was willing herself against her own impatience, and Giana knew this merely by the act of *smelling* her.

"You need this as much as I do," Giana said, realising it.

Circe turned, surprised on her face. Her features stilled, then became a genuine look of appreciation, with no godly adornment.

"I do, young mortal," she said. "I truly do. I have wanted each of you since you first turned up on my island, but I needed you changed. The island needed you to change. It is my way. And now my magic and the Fates have made you perfect. I have had to attend to my own needs for far too long. I want another's touch. Your touch, Giana."

Giana stepped forwards, ears shifting back almost aggressively. "You want me to take charge, don't you?"

Circe nodded, almost meekly. "I am your Goddess. Your master. And you are mine. But . . . here, in this place, I want you to take me. To make me *yours*. Just here. Can you do that?"

Giana's new pussy moistened at her words. It was a very strange feeling for the former male, but not an unwelcome one. She licked her lips with her elongated tongue, and then dared to press her naked fur against Circe.

"Take off your clothes," she said, licking the side of the goddess' neck and eliciting a sigh from her.

Circe exhaled erotically in response to this, and did exactly as Giana asked. She shook herself out of her dress, letting it fall to the floor at her feet. The wolf woman's jaw hung open for a moment. Naked, the woman was the very definition of radiance. Her breasts were perfectly proportioned, topped by pink nipples that begged to be licked and sucked, and her hips were womanly and proud. A small patch of pubic hair rest atop her womanhood, which Giana could smell, and was intoxicated by.

"Few have been so blessed to see me like this," Circe said.

"Then I shall have to worship you passionately," Giana replied. With that, she gripped Circe by the shoulders and kissed her. Their tongues danced, and the wolf woman's longer tongue snaked into Circe's mouth, tasting her divinity. Her furry chest pressed against the goddess' soft skin, the two making love, caressing one another. Her own tail wagged happily, raised in desire. The two fell back onto the bed. The magic was stirring between them, which caused Giana to give further into her instincts. She playfully nipped at Circe, making the woman giggle in pleasure. Then, eagerly, she tasted her breasts, licking them with her canine tongue and caressing them with her powerful paws. Circe was like putty in her arms, but the woman was also an expert lover, even after centuries of isolation. She was quick to lower her hand down to cup Giana's womanhood, and soon her fingers were sliding into that moist space, working its sensitive areas with artful precision.

"That f-feels w-wonderful!" Giana howled. "Please don't stop!"

"I won't, so long as you *take charge*."

Giana recollected herself, and then did exactly that. She played with Circe's breasts, kissed the woman on the neck and bit at it lightly. Then she threw the woman back and spread her legs forcefully.

"Yes, be my wolf!"

Giana was; she *was the wolf*. She placed her furry head right between Circe's legs and began to lap at her womanhood, licking her divine juices and rolling her long tongue along her sensitive clitoris. Circe began to thrash with wild abandon, shaking and moaning and clutching at the bedsheets as if clinging on for dear life. She wailed happily, overcome with pleasure, and Giana knew that her climax was near.

"F-finally! After so many years without another! L-love me, Giana! Love and take me to the s-starts! Take to me to - OHHHHHHHHhhh! AAAHhhhhh!! YES!"

She cried out, lifting her hips slightly, but Giana did not let her get away, she continued to snake her tongue into the goddess' pussy, bringing her to new heights. The radiance of Circe's power expanded like a corona, and that pleasure echoed through Giana as well. The wolf woman finally had to pull away and howl, shaking with orgasmic delight herself, literally infused with Circe's sheer pleasure.

It was the most magnificent sensation she'd ever experienced.

The two collapsed together, fur against soft skin, the canine woman panting, her strong arms around Circe.

"I never want to go back," she said.

Circe smiled, clutching the former male's hand. "And I do not wish to be without my wolf."

They lay together for some hours, intending to sleep together. In fact, they *were* asleep when a loud trotting sound announced the entrance of another. Circe woke, her wards activating and warning her, but then she smiled, even as Giana rose next to her.

Brandon, almost entirely a horse girl now, was standing before her with just that wrap around her hips, her petite and beautiful breasts obvious upon her chest, her athletic grace charming to behold.

"Oh, s-sorry. I see that you're b-busy," she said, noticing Giana, who was stirring and recognising her friend.

But Circe just held up a hand, and the door to her room closed before Brandon could run away meekly.

"Be bold, young one," Circe said. "You have the power of a stallion now, and the visage of a beautiful mare."

"N-not yet," Brandon said, voice soft and silken, yet hiding a certain steel within it all the same. "I'm not a mare . . . yet."

Giana said nothing. She got the sense that this was between Circe and Brandon.

"Would you like to be?" Circe asked.

Brandon hesitated, then allowed her more confident instincts to take hold, as Giana had hours before. "I would. God, I would. I'm sick of fighting this when I want it. I want to be healthy and wild and *free*. And . . ."

"You want me."

She nodded submissively.

"Then come join my bed."

"But - but Gavin - I mean Giana! - she's already-"

"She can go, if you would like. She can also stay. Love on Aeaea is freely given, and part of my worship. It is not a beauty to hide away. Besides, would you not want your friend here for confidence?"

Brandon gulped. She found that she oddly would. "Um, I don't want to uncover, not until-"

"Shhh," Circe said, pulling back the bed covers to reveal her perfect, sumptuous form, bare-breasted and all. "Come join me, Brandon. Be my lover. Have you thought of a female name? That will help the last transition."

"I was thinking, um, Brianne. I know it's not very Greek, but-"

"It's perfect," the goddess whispered, her voice seductive, her lips ready. "Come to me. I'll take charge on this one."

Brandon trotted forwards, whinnying with just a little nervousness, but embracing more of that confidence. Giana moved to the side - it was a very large bed, and decided to speak, just once.

"You won't regret it, buddy. It's incredible."

"Th-thanks, Giana. What do we do n-mpf!"

Circe took the horse girl's head and placed her lips upon hers, kissing them passionately. With 'Brianne's' snout, it should have been awkward, but instead she did as she had with Giana, and planted the kisses all along, planting them along her longer head. It was not purely horse-like - still halfway human - and this made Brandon all the more beautiful, as it preserved her dark eyes and let her curly black mane provide the sense of a gorgeous loose afro in a feminine style.

"Show me your grace," Circe said. "Let it be."

Brandon took a deep breath, and in this moment of arousal, let himself be Brianne. Let *herself* be Brianne. She lay on her back so that Circe could mount her like a stallion, and Circe did exactly that, lying on top of Brianne and touching her small breasts, kissing them tenderly and stroking her powerful flanks. With each shiver of sensation, Brianne's member withdrew. She tensed as Circe pulled away the fabric, only to find that her penis was entirely gone; it shrank back within her, and the sheer orgasmic bliss of transformation followed.

Brianne became bolder. She whinnied with excitement, spreading her legs and gripping Circe's form with them, refusing to let go. Circe smiled, and so Giana - she could taste the scent in the air of Brianne's new vagina forming, and it was delicious.

"Brianne, you look hot!" she declared, unable to stop herself

"I f-feel hot!" she whinnied. "I feel - mhmm! *Neigh!*"

Her equine sounds kept on coming as Circe pleased her, running her hands through her curly mane and caressing her horse tail. Brianne found the latter especially lovely. She still had her own human-like hands with those hardened tips to her digits, and so she used them to please Circe in turn. She felt her breasts, squeezing them together and pinching her nipples delicately. Circe's euphoric moans only encouraged her further, and so she lowered a hand down to touch the goddess's privates, and she in turn did the same for Brianne. The pair tasted one another, felt one another, and soon Brianne was bucking her hips like a true horse in heat. She sucked like a newborn foal at Circe's breasts, hungry for more, desperate for fulfilment.

"Keep going, my darling!" Circe demanded. "Don't stop. You are magnificent! You are wild and free! Let us be free together! Show Giana how much you can match her spirit!"

Brianne's remaining timidity shrank away, replaced by her competitive spirit. She was graceful, but also athletic, and soon their ministrations were full of bucking hips and quickly moving fingers, the pair locked in a kiss when the series of climaxes came. For Brianne it was a revelation: the orgasms came thick and fast, hitting her one after another, leaving her neighing as if a stallion had just shot a load deep inside of her. Better yet, it was the fingers

of a goddess, manipulating her new clitoris in such a way that she was almost rendered catatonic by the waves of pleasure.

“Yesssss, my perfect lover,” Circe said, quaking with her own bliss. “I promise you this and more, for the rest of your life!”

“I - ahhhh! *Neigh!* - I want it! Mhmm! I want it all!”

“Do not be too - ahh - greedy! You must share. But perhaps you shall win my favour in any race. Mhmmm . . .”

Giana couldn't help herself. As Circe writhed, she joined in on the passion, caressing her lover's form and feeling her breasts, sharing the goddess between herself and Brianne. The horse girl's jealousy lasted only moments; she could see how blissful this additional partner made her goddess, and so the pair of them attended to her, keeping her climaxes coming, caressing every part of her.

When it was done, the three of them rested on the massive bed together, naked under the covers. Giana was on one side, her furry form a wonderful pillow for the sleeping Circe. Brandon was on the other, spooning her goddess. Neither animal girl cared that their legs were touching, or their arms, or any part of themselves. They shared in this pleasure together.

And Circe was at the centre of it all.

Chapter 9: Final Acceptance

It was obvious to Derek and Tom that their two friends had slept with Circe the previous night. Not only were the sounds audible - much to their own envy - but Brianne was now going by her new name, and she smelled of sex and womanliness. There was no denying her femaleness, and she walked about as naked as Giana did, proud and free, running laps around the fields in the morning and working up a pleasant sweat. The pair of them, along with Circe, ate happily in the morning, each flirting openly with one another, with Circle even grabbing Brianne's tale and making the horse girl whinny in unexpected delight. The goddess had kissed both of them, and these were not gentle, timid kisses, but ones that promised future passion, likely well before the sun crossed the horizon's boundary.

“Fucking *oinking* lucky,” Derek said as he ate his vegetables.

“I know, right?” Tom said, still wincing at his now-incredibly sore breasts and full udder. “And we get the worst end of it.”

His lower mammary was even more swollen than before, his head-sized boobs as well. They were so full that they were even barely jiggling; the skin beneath the fur was tight,

and his sac too. He'd woken up with milk in his bed, and had almost succumbed to the desire to milk himself, but had held off. He knew it might transform him further. He refused to allow that to happen, now matter how completely uncomfortable he was.

Still, Derek showed hesitation, looking across the far end of the long table where the three lovers were laughing and sharing food to one another, as if they were all married in some kind of polygamous relationship.

"Maybe . . . maybe we don't have it all bad."

"You're a *mooing* pig! I'm becoming a c-cow! I *am* a cow! With milk! And you've lost all your moo-uscles! You can't tell me this sucks!"

Derek bit his lip, snorting a little as he ate some more fruit. "I know, but . . . it doesn't feel all that bad. I mean, I was looking at myself in the mirror and I kinda look cute. I mean, I was never into super curvy girls when I was in college, and I passed up the opportunity to fuck one with big tits and a soft belly when I was on the cruise, even though she was hot as hell. But maybe I can be *oinking* hot myself, y'know? Like, if I'm stuck like this, and those three are having so much fun, would it be the worst thing to be proud of myself?"

Tom frowned. He scratched one of his horns, annoyed that they had grown another half-inch in the night. His tail was longer too. And the less said about how wide his hips were, the better. The only good thing about that was that it at least gave more room for his udder now that he had more of a thigh gap, though that came with its own embarrassments. They were already quite thick thighs, after all.

"That's just the moo-agic," he spat. "I felt the same in my damn dreams last night. I *wanted* to be a sexy producing cow. A gal with huge tits lactating all over the place, getting milked by Circe. *Mooo* . . . it sounds so f-fucking hot even now. That's why I have to fight it. I don't *want* to be proud of this, moo-an. I was a rich tough guy! Not as tough as you, but I wasn't producing milk for other people. I wasn't some placid cow. And now I'll be - nghh!"

He grunted as a stream of milk was expelled from his udder. He'd pushed his thighs together too slowly, and with his udder so swollen, it was impossible not to press against its expanse, squeezing the milk out of his teats.

"Fuuuuuck," he grunted.

"Are you beautiful darlings okay?" Circe asked.

Neither had noticed her approach. She was wearing a warm orange dress today, one that looked like it embodied summer itself. Her breasts were pushed up by it, forming a magnificent pair of globes, and the hem was very short, leaving her thighs fully on display. It was practically deliberate how much she was tempting them.

"F-fine," Tom said. "Just keeping a lot of my moo-ilk in."

"I can help you, if you'd like. With the milking. I promise it will be a most . . . sensual affair."

Tom moved quickly, jumping to his hooves and letting his ropey tail slide out of his maternity-style chiton. “N-no thanks! I’ve got to go. I’m gonna find another way off of this island.”

He moved away, and Circe’s expression was briefly wan before she turned to Derek. “Derek, I’m going to be plain and speak an obvious truth. Last night I slept with Brianne and Giana. Tonight, I would have you. Or earlier. If you wish, the mud baths are open for you to experience, regardless of your choice. But my loins are aflame with lust for your delightful form, and my birds told me that you were speaking of pride in your body. Embrace that pride. It is a body you have the power to love almost as much as I will.”

She rubbed his belly with her hand, then slowly raised it to cup Derek’s chest. The pig-girl oinked a little in surprise, but did not fight it. She snorted in bliss as the woman thumbed her nipple, squeezing it a little. She closed her eyes, basking in the pleasure.

“Think about it,” the goddess whispered.

Derek did, whether he wanted to or not. In fact, it was *all* he could think about. This woman was hotter than any he had ever known, and she promised *literally* heavenly sex for life. If he embraced it, he wouldn’t be a jock or a man or even human anymore. Still, was there anything more alpha and powerful than banging the hottest lady on the planet?

Maybe it was just all about how you framed a situation, he thought.

Derek lowered his pink, thick body into the mud bath. He felt immediately like he was melting into it, becoming part of it. It was a heavenly sensation, and it lessened some of his own weight. He was pudgy, but he wouldn’t describe himself necessarily as fat. More voluptuous and curvaceous, with a beautifully soft belly that was, surprisingly, quite sensitive and erotic in its own way. His hunger was bigger now, but so was his desire to just relax, be lazy and carefree, and simply *be*.

So he rested in the mud, uncaring about how female he looked, or that he had a pig’s nose and ears. Instead, he oinked happily, grunting with satisfaction as he squeezed his large breasts together, both of them so fat and full, easily E-cups in size. He felt his ass, which was somehow just as delicate and wonderful to touch.

“God, I’ve got one massive *oinking* ass. It’s so fucking hot.”

He started to feel himself. It couldn’t be helped. Circe was on his mind. Circe was at the centre of his thoughts. He knew what was coming; the ripple of transformation was already there, but the acceptance was too. She’d promised pleasure, and this was the final step. The doorway to the mud baths opened, but still Derek did not open his eyes. Instead

he simply stroked his manhood, pushing it in until it entered back into him, his testicles followed.

"Mnnhmmmm," the new pig girl moaned, feeling her vagina form, her labial lips and clitoris following. "Ahhhh . . . you've c-come to see me?"

"Of course," Circe said. "I had hoped you would be doing exactly this."

"It feels good, now that it's - ahh! - doing. *Oink!* Ohhh, f-fuck. It's sensitive."

She looked up at Circe. The woman was already entirely naked, and sliding into the mud bath with her. Something about her bare breasted form joining Derek in her own 'home ground' made her new loins lustful. They seeped, becoming wet fast, and her fat pink nipples distended, yearning to be sucked and twisted and gripped.

"*Oink! Snort!* F-fuck. I've never felt this much in need. I want you to f-fuck me. Right here, in the mud. Is that crazy."

Circe drew close, pressing her naked form against Derek and running her fingers over the pig-girl's form, lowering over to grip her ass, her fingers lost in the impressive flesh. Derek whined at this; it felt too good.

"It's not crazy at all, my cute piggy. I want that too. For the others, my bed is perfect. For you, the mud is where I wish to be. It will only heighten our pleasure. Let me show you."

Derek began to groan, grunt, moan, and cry out in response to what followed. Circe was right; the mud really did make things better, as did her soft folds that allowed Circe to handle her, to grip her stomach. All the better to be a bigger girl.

There was so much more to love, and so much more skin to be sensitive.

When she came, she squealed loudly and proudly. She wasn't Derek anymore.

She was Daphne.

Daphne the pig-girl, resting happily in the mud with Circe lying atop her form. Her body had been thoroughly satisfied, and she no longer cared about her little contented snorts, grunts, and oinks. In fact, she'd decided Circe was right.

They were kinda cute. Just like her.

Tom despaired. It was bad enough that Brianne and Giana had gone to bed with Circe and were now regularly sleeping with her, but now Daphne had as well. It was far, far too easy to think of his friends by their new names, and it made Tom's mind occasionally wander, curious about his own. He'd even started reading some of Circe's texts, curious about female names and legends. The goddess' magic had allowed him to read the ancient Greek lettering, and part of him had wanted to read more, except that then his breasts had become tense - yet again - followed by his udder - which was *a/ways* tense, but now even more so.

“Damn it! Mooooo!” he’d cried, dropping the book and waddling away, his hooves clacking upon the marble floor. It was agony. It had been nearly five days now, and he had still managed to resist milking himself. His breasts were full, his udder was full, and they all leaked so continuously. The lack of release was horrific, but he knew that if he allowed himself that pleasure, he might never want it to stop. He continued to dream of a peaceful life as a cowgirl, the goddess there to drain him of his milk, making him a *her*. It would be ecstasy, but he couldn’t allow it. His pride was simply too great.

So instead he had to endure the snorts and oinks of Daphne waddling along beside Circe, letting her big butt bounce without shame, totally naked but for the occasional bit of ‘beauty mud’ she hadn’t scraped off, or that Circe had playfully left on her. The pair were often together, but then so were Brianne and Giana. The wolf woman hunted across the meadows, bringing gifts and sacrifices for Circe, while Brianne ran great circuits, herding the horses and putting on fine displays. They were all so . . . *happy*.

“What am I moo-issing?” Tom groaned, seeing them at the table, eating and laughing and drinking wine merrily together.

She knew what she was missing, of course. All she had to do was stop being so stubborn and embrace her changes. Hell, she’d made some progress on that front already, despite her own resistance. In secret, Tom sometimes posed in front of her mirror, viewing her soft cowgirl form. Circe had continued to approach her, checking in on her, remarking on her beauty and her ‘lovely assets.’ Her honeyed words had made Tom blush from the attention, and now the future cowgirl couldn’t help but look at her reflection and . . . consider it. Perhaps even *admiring* it. Yes, she was a thicker girl, but she didn’t have Daphne’s piggish pudge. Instead, she had the body of, well, a straight up MILF, as she would have put it. She had the thick thighs, the kind that ‘save lives,’ and hot momma hips, not to mention a rack that any guy would kill to have . . . were it not furry. Her fur coat was soft and comfy, and for some reason her damn animal instincts wanted her to be *proud* of her udder. It was the reason she had been so resistant to milking herself.

What if it felt too good?

Tom was out in the field, staring at the cows. It was hard not to like them. They had a kind of . . . placidity about them. A serenity, perhaps. A happiness that he appreciated, and that his instincts longed for.

“M-moooo,” he moaned. His nipple were tensing again, his udder pushing to breaking point. He was so full of milk it was horrific. Why couldn’t he have become a wolf? Ugh! And

why did his three friends have to disappear to fuck Circe yet again, leaving him to be all alone and-

"I've had enough of this."

Tom spun, causing his massive mammaries to bounce in his dress, and his udder to slap again against his thighs. Circe was standing there. To his shock, she was entirely naked, her perfect form on full display. She truly was celestial, and it made Tom instantly shiver from arousal. His nipples tensed even more, releasing more pearly white fluid, and her udder similarly bulged, straining to contain its immense produce.

"Moo! What are you - what are you doing?"

Circe stepped forward, all grace, all elegance. She moved right up to Tom, invading his personal space, to the point where her impressive bust was almost touching his massive one. Tom realised he was still taller than the goddess, especially with her horns and her personal bulk. Her tail swayed, its ropey end hitting the edge of a fencepost harmlessly, reminding her of yet another way her body had changed.

No, *his*.

God, for just a moment, he'd thought of himself as a her, just being in Circe's presence.

"I said," he repeated, voice a rather beautiful contralto. "What are you doing?"

Circe narrowed her eyes. "Bow," she said.

"I don't - what?"

"BOW!"

Tom kneeled instantly, feeling the magic of Circe's true power. Her udder pressed against the grass, hanging heavily so that its teats slid against the ground. More milk excreted to the ground, but not nearly enough. Tom looked up at Circe, whose eyes were glowing, whose red hair was crackling with power. And yet despite her fierce command and dominating aura, her expression was one of pure kindness and love.

"You are among the most stubborn of mortals I have ever met, Tom," Circe said.

"Almost equal to Odysseus himself. I've had my goat out here watching you each day, and you still refuse to milk yourself and embrace my gifts. Even a goddess can err, and now I realise I have. Where the others came to me willingly, like Giana, or through kind persuasion, like with Daphne and Brianne, you are different. You have always been privileged. You have always known what it is to be in command. It is time for you to recognise your new hierarchy: I am your goddess now, and you shall be my loved companion, my lover, the maker of life's nectar, the bringer of milk. A blessed bovine beauty. And you *will* accept this. You need someone to order you, because that is what you respect. Isn't it?"

Tom swallowed. "I-"

"You need a master - a mistress - one who will show you who is command. All you have to do is say the word, and I will show you the way. Say it, Tom. Say it for me now."

Tom gulped. She took a heavy breath, her mind already female once more. She could feel her penis wanting to slide back inside her body. One word, and it would occur. One word, and she would have it all.

Fuck it, she thought. Her tits were too full anyway. And now Circe had laid down the law. *That*, she could respect. It was enough to push her over the edge.

"Please," Tom whispered. "Command me. Moo-ilk me. Please."

Circe grinned, and then lowered herself down onto the grass. She snapped her fingers, and suddenly there were two very large pails in front of her. Tom gasped.

"Th-that moo-uch?" she managed.

Circe's grin widened. "Let's just say you've been storing up more than your fair share. Now moo as loudly as you want. This is going to be very relieving."

Before Tom could say another word, Circe grabbed a teat and pulled on it.

"MUUUHHHH!"

It was even more cow-sounding than usual, but the relief was unbelievable. A long, warm stream of milk poured from her teat, followed by another, then again from the left, then again from the right. Tug, tug, tug, tug; Circe worked her teats expertly, leaving Tom to moan and whine, her enormous jugs wobbling as she shook her shoulders from the sheer passion of it all. More milk dripped from them, and without thinking she started groping and squeezing them, leaving more milk to shower . . . all over Circe.

"I'm s-sooooo sorry! Mwuhh!"

But Circe just licked the milk from her fingers and where it had gotten her in the face.

"Then I shall just have to work faster," Circe said.

She tugged more, causing Tom to whine. Circe was in full command, and she pressed Tom's body against the fencing, licking her nipples and drinking from them directly, suckling greedily. Tom gripped Circe in turn, letting her do what she wanted, returning what ecstasy she could as her goddess directed her to do. She hadn't even noticed that her penis had slipped back inside of herself until Circe slipped her fingers inside of her new pussy.

"M-MOOOOO! MWUUHHHH!"

It was glorious. How had she fought this for so long? Why had she fought this?

"Now don't disobey your mistress," Circe said. "Give me the worship I am owed, *Theodora*."

The now completed cowgirl moaned, in love with her new body at last, and wishing she hadn't wasted time avoiding this perfect fate.

“I will!” she promised, kissing Circe in return. She fondled the goddess’ breasts, caressing her form, and then raised one breast to her mistress’ mouth. Circe drank more, and together their euphoria continued.

It had been several days since Tom had changed and become Theodora, and the four former men were now happily a group of anthro-animal girls, each totally devoted to their new lives on Aeaea, and even more so to their goddesses. Each had transformed, guided not just by their instincts and bodily alterations but by the changes they needed to have in order to truly belong.

The scrawny, nerdy Gavin had become the dominant, powerful Giana, intelligent and scientific but also a huntress of the night, and an appreciator of magic.

The timid, sickly Brandon had turned into the confident, energetic Brianne, no longer constrained to small rooms but wild and free, roaming where she wanted.

The strong jock Derek had changed into the pudgy, carefree Daphne, having forgotten her fitness and alpha male obsessions and embraced a playful hedonism.

And now, last of all, there was the rich leader of the group Tom, who had transformed into Theodora, a submissive cowgirl who delighted in having her udder milked and to follow her mistress’ orders.

Circe was surrounded by her darlings, and they had brought her such joy already. She rode upon her favoured horse alongside Brianne. She milked Theodora, giggling as the milk spilled in their passion. She lay back and ate figs and grapes with Daphne, the pair stroking one another before the fireplace. Meanwhile, the interactions between her and Gavin were much more fierce, the wolf woman dominating her in the forest.

But one pure joy remained. It had been so long since Circe had experienced the rapturous celebration of Dionysia: that libertine festival of feasting, drinking, dancing, and sex. It was time to bring it back, and she announced as much to her girls.

“Tonight,” she said, “I shall finally ordain you into the pleasure of your new lives. I will receive my worship, and you will drink and be merry with me! I tire of having you one by one. Tonight, I shall have you all.”

The four girls looked at one another. Giana growled, grinning. Brianne puffed out her chest, having already had the wolf woman present with her once. Daphne, on the other hand, oinked nervously.

“All . . . of us? I mean . . . together?”

“We are *best* friends, after all,” Giana said, chuckling.

“I bet I can please her fastest,” Brianne added.

Daphne giggled. "That's not the boast you think it is! I just - together? Are we okay with that? Theodora?"

The cowgirl lowered a hoof-hand to her udder. She was still getting used to her swollen sac being out in the open, not to mention milking herself occasionally in full view. However, it had prepared her for this. She licked her lips.

"I think it'll be perfect, if the mistress wants us together. I'll provide the snacks."

It took a moment for even Circe to realise what she meant, and when she did, the goddess burst out laughing.

The five drank and were merry. The best apes and chimpanzees had their instruments, and they played a catchy tune that gained in speed with every repetition. The Dionysia was out in a forest clearing, lit by torches, the tables and feast moved to this solitary location beneath the glorious stars. Fireworks danced in the skies, and creatures howled and sang in the forests, providing the wild theatre necessary for such a night.

Giana danced with Circe, almost dragging the goddess up onstage, shocking the others. But the goddess danced a happy jig, fondling her lover's fur and moving suggestively. Her clothing was barely hanging off of her form, her perfect breasts bouncing almost free of her dress. Her dancing was sensual, her hair free but for the antler crown she wore.

"Come, the rest of you!" she announced. "Drink from your horns, and join us!"

Brianne did almost immediately. Like the sorceress, she moved with grace and elegance, but she stamped her hooves with power and passion, swaying her tail about so that it brushed against Circe. The dance partners switched, and Brianne and Giana starting moving together, holding one another.

"This is kinda hot!" a rather drunk Giana barked.

"Neigh! Totally! Hurry up, you two!"

Daphne took up the challenge. She was no longer ashamed of her wide hips and massive backside: instead she let it wobble as she moved, still drinking and eating grapes even as she swayed. The pig girl oinked with delight, sharing her wine with the goddess, who fondled her naked body. The goddess stripped off her own clothing and shouted to the sky.

"Give me wine! Give me milk and wine! And I've already got my wine!"

Theodora had remained submissive on the sidelines, but now was her chance. She was tipsy, slipping on her hooves just a little, but at her goddess' command she swayed, letting her MILF-like body jiggle its mammaries as she joined the group. Her udder smacked

upon her legs, but she didn't care anymore, not even as it dribbled milk; she'd let herself get very, very full tonight, anticipating the moment it would all come together. In fact, it only added to the music.

"Drinks on the house!" she cried, joining the group. "Join in, girls! Circe first, but this cowgirl's got plenty to offer!"

Circe indeed moved to grab a large furry breast, and Daphne dared to follow, her hedonistic impulses leading her to drink from Theodora. The cowgirl sank down, having just danced a short while, because soon she was overwhelmed by Brianne and Giana, who caressed her udder. Giana licked at her teats, while Brianne gulped right down.

"Moooo!" Theodora cried. "Ohhhh f-fuck! Don't s-stop! Mhmm! OHHH!"

She came, but not before caressing Circe, getting her more in the mood. Giana moved up and kissed the goddess, and Daphne was there too, pressing the goddess against her pudgy body, kissing her perfect stomach while her own protruded happily. She oinked when Circe squeezed her tail, and the hedonistic pig girl returned the favour by squeezing the goddess' ass, which made the woman moan.

"All of you," she said, sighing happily. "Now. Get in here . . . and worship me."

Brianne was upon her first, rubbing Circe's clit as the goddess lay back in Daphne's arms, who cradled her from behind. Theodora offered her udder as she kneeled, leaving Circe to drink from it, though the goddess was thankful enough to keep fondling her mammoth breasts which swayed hypnotically.

And then there was Giana, who joined in Brianne's motions, licking her clit in alternation with the horse girls' own ministrations. With her superior reach she raked her claws against Circe's sides, doing no harm but causing the deity to moan deliciously.

"Yessss," she proclaimed, entirely surrounded by love and rapture, by worship and sexual bliss. "Thank you, my darlings! Thank you! Thank YOUUUU!!!"

She came, and her radiance meant that her orgasmic ecstasy *detonated*, spreading among the other women, causing the anthro-girls to cry out animalistically. The beauty of it was indescribable, and more than enough to dispel any doubts over the glory of their new lives, not that any actually remained.

Aeaea was paradise once more. And it would remain so for a long, long, long time.

The End